

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

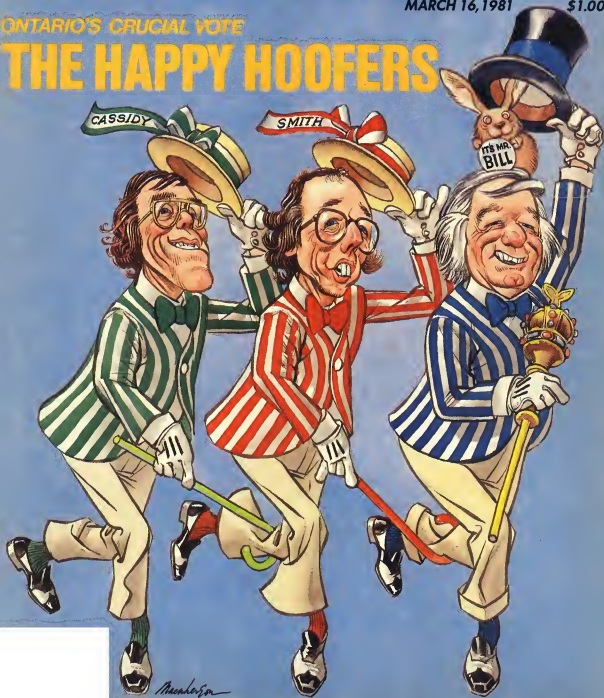
# Maclean's

MARCH 16, 1981

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ONTARIO'S CRUCIAL VOTE

## THE HAPPY HOOFERS



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# Maclean's



## COVER STORY

### The happy hoofers

Ontario has had Tory governments since 1943, and next week's provincial election is almost certain to produce yet another one. What makes this political slapstick extraordinary is that, for the first time in decades, Ontario can no longer count itself as Canada's primary province. Whether Ontarians and their would-be leaders like it or not, power has shifted to the Alberta footballs as Ontario slides.

—Page 22



### Curse of the vampires

Quebec's combative senators write seven green notices on price-fixing by oil's Big Four.

—Page 26

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MACLEAN'S (Canadian Edition) is published weekly on Wednesdays. Distribution: 100,000 copies weekly. Subscription rates: \$10.00 per year (12 issues). Single copies: 25¢. Publisher: Maclean's Publishing Co., 100 King Street West, Toronto, Ont. M5X 1C5. Copyright © 1981 Maclean's Publishing Co. All rights reserved. Printed in Canada. Second-class postage paid at Toronto, Ont. and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Please send address changes to Maclean's, 100 King Street West, Toronto, Ont. M5X 1C5. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Please send address changes to Maclean's, 100 King Street West, Toronto, Ont. M5X 1C5. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Please send address changes to Maclean's, 100 King Street West, Toronto, Ont. M5X 1C5. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Please send address changes to Maclean's, 100 King Street West, Toronto, Ont. M5X 1C5.



### Silent city

Remaged by fear, Atlanta has become a city of silent streets and playgrounds.

—Page 30



### Queen of the road

Sally Field's role as a sexy hooker in *Steel Dawn* is made-to-measure.

—Page 62



### Eschewed tuts

Lois Stronach has abandoned Britain's Royal Ballet in favor of new-wave fundango.

—Page 38



### Back from Broadway

After waving them on the Great White Way, John Gray is home and happy.

—Page 48



## MERCILESS GAS PRICES SHOULDN'T MAKE IT A SIN TO DRIVE IN HEAVENLY COMFORT.

Behold the Rabbit: One of Canada's most economical cars. But unlike many of today's economy cars, the Rabbit makes nonsense of the prophecy that one must sacrifice comfort and performance for good gas mileage. The Rabbit moves comfortably from 0-80 km/h in 8.9 seconds with its peppy 1.7 litre engine while frugally sipping gasoline. According to Transport Canada ratings it uses a mere 7.0 L/100 km (that's 40 mpg).

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So be comforted that although gas prices may continue to rise, mercilessly the Volkswagen Rabbit will handle the cross.

And while we wait go so far as to say the Rabbit is a Godsend: it is one of today's most heavenly cars.



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DON'T SETTLE FOR LESS.

## EDITORIAL

# Leduc's free-enterprise flame is guttering in the political wind

By Peter C. Newman

One of the few sustaining myths of Canada's short, but lively, business history is Imperial Oil's dramatic discovery at Leduc on Feb. 15, 1947. The company had spent \$83 million drilling 133 consecutive dry holes across the Prairies. The drill site in a sleepy Edmonton suburb was to be Imperial's final shot at finding a major petroleum pool. When its rig struck an elephant-size reservoir at 1,634 metres, Carl Nickle, then the editor of the *Daily Oil Bulletin*, recorded the ecstasy of the moment: "In the small hours of this morning, I shivered in a raw wind while my hand on the flow pipe recorded the steady pulsating of oil heading for the storage tanks and gas heading for the flare." This writer is more impressed by Leduc's performance than by any other western oil discovery in the past decade. Leduc may be the beginning of a different story for Imperial.

And so it was. By year's end, the Leduc field boomed 26 producing wells. The Alberta oil rush was on. Imperial's proud achievement ranked as one of those economic miracles made possible by the kind of risk-takers bred inside the great multinationals, impelled by their faith in the free-enterprise system.

But the 1,800-page report issued last week by Ottawa's Combines Investigation Branch cast Imperial Oil

in a very different light (see page 36). The Exxon subsidiary has been painted as part of a "joint monopoly" of oil companies that allegedly overcharged the Canadian public an estimated \$12 billion (in 1980 dollars) between 1958 and 1979. The four largest Canadian oil companies—Imperial, Gulf, Shell and Texas—altogether control a total of 64 per cent of Canadian refining capacity and more than half the existing gasoline outlets.

Certainly, there is something fishy about the Ottawa report's timing. The document is based on an eight-year investigation beginning in 1973. The fact that the bombshell document just happened to be released the week after Peter Lougheed cut Alberta's oil flow, and at a time when Ottawa is in the process of nationalizing multinational oil companies, hardly qualifies as a lucky coincidence. It is also true, as Imperial President Jim Livingston has pointed out, that if the oil companies had broken any laws, charges would have been laid.

But every capitalist society must tame the reach of its entrepreneurs if the system is to remain healthy. Canadians should be alert to the fact that in the third quarter of 1978, Exxon, the world's largest multinational energy company, took almost all its profits from this country. The current allegations about Imperial Oil hardly perpetuate its brave days at Leduc.

March 16, 1981

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## Pied piper Pierre

Your cover article *Battle Lines* (Feb. 20) was, in my opinion, the compilation of unimpressive negative propaganda. Pierre Trudeau is interesting as a francophone and expanding Canada; he does not and help from our supposedly national newspapers. —VINCE MILLER, Burlington, Ont.

How long will the people of Canada continue to accept a government that relies on untruths to avoid potentially embarrassing situations? The people of Canada, regardless of party affiliation, owe it to Canada to let their lives know that arrogance, entrenchment and deception are unacceptable to them. —NICK THOMAS, Calgary

In a discussion about the Trudeau-Thatcher battle lines, this question was asked: "If Pierre finally does beat Margaret's son, who's passing his minority record to the hell of riches, should it not also include a bit of responsibility?" In this world of polarity, entrenching riches without corresponding responsibilities would be half-concerned, half-lazy and dangerously deceptive. —B.P. HUTCHINSON & B. DALLIBON, Rossland, B.C.

## Charity begins at home

Concerning your article You Can't Battle as a Mount Man (Canada, Feb. 16), I



Trudeau and Thatcher not acceptable

believe that a nationwide collection should be made for this man's legal defence without delay. Truth and justice seem long overdue. —G. LAFORQUE, Winnipeg

## Breaking the fall

Your article *Not Wanted as the Young* (Sports, Feb. 9), on the figure skating championships angered me. Why did you make such a big fuss over the fact that several of the skaters fell? They, of all people, know the consequences of a fall during competition—they don't need to have it emblazoned in black and white across the country. Give them credit for the excellence of their performance during the other three or four

minutes and 38 seconds they were on their feet. I think you are totally out of order in presenting as your picture highlight, Mr. Wainman's fall, which not show on any one of the hundreds of beautiful movies she did so well during her presentation? —K. DAVID, Bedford, N.S.

## Passing praise

I must heartily applaud your new feature *Passions*, which lends still further improvement to a magazine that has been improving markedly over the past year. —DAN STEINHAUF, Stouffville, Peterborough, Ont.

## Onward Christian soldiers

Good for the Regina Public School Board (To Pray or Not to Pray, Canada, Feb. 20). Hopefully, more school boards across the country will follow their example. I feel it is time for Canada to proclaim itself a Christian nation—it is the Christian thing to do. What special treatment would a Christian receive in an Islamic country? While certainly not denying freedom of religion, many Canadian children receive precious little Christian direction so it is, and I feel, school is the ideal place for them to learn. —KIMBLE H. GIVENS, Calgary

## In the eye of the beholder

Your review of the van Gogh exhibit at the Art Gallery of Ontario was, in my opinion, far from adequate and, in my view, dishonest (A Terrible Beauty Art, Feb. 14). —ARLENE H. THORNTON, Toronto

## PASSAGES



**DESIGNED** Anne Murray, 35, as beneficiary chairman of a new fund, the Canada Share the Children Fund, a position that she has held since 1979. Murray's manager, Leonard Rosenberg, cited "internal restructuring" within the charity as a reason for her exit. She was 30 of the fund's 25-member board of directors had also resigned amid charges of wasteful spending.

**DEED** Dr. Rebecca Craighill Lauer, 66, at her home in Queens, N.Y. It was Lauerbach who identified the streptococcal bacteria chiefly responsible for human disease such as rheumatic fever and acute inflammation of the kidneys.

**DEED** E.Y. (Yip) Harburg, 82, in a car accident in Los Angeles. He was the lyricist for *Over the Rainbow* from the 1939 musical movie *The Wizard of Oz*.

**APPOINTED** Lucie Pélissier of Montreal as president of the federal Advisory Council on the Status of Women. In solemn Pélissier to finish the year left in former president Bertha Anderson's three-year term. Employment Minister Lloyd Axworthy passed over Acting President Vin Gardner, who earlier described himself as his close personal friend.



**REUNITED** Dalila Muehlich and her husband, Denis, now living in Montreal after almost three years of forced separation. Married in Paris in 1955, they fled to Montreal to escape her Algerian family, who disapproved of the marriage to a non-Moslem. In 1958, Dalila's brother Moussoud Zenbar transported his sister from Montreal to Algeria where her marriage was annulled and she was forced to wed Aliouan Chevalier, an Algerian professor to whom she was said to have been promised at birth.

**DEED** Dr. Jennie Baillie Robertson, 185, in Toronto, Canada's first female surgeon. She was one of the founders of Women's College Hospital in Toronto, and carried out her first operation in 1819 on the kitchen table in the patient's home.

**DEED** Egyptian Defence Minister Gen. Ahmed Badawi, 54, and 13 other Egyptian army officers in a helicopter crash near the Libyan frontier. Presumably made bad by President Anwar Sadat, Badawi was acclaimed as a hero in 1973 when his Egyptian Third Field Army held out against Israeli forces for about two months.



**DIVORCING** Loni Anderson, 34, and her actor husband of seven years, Ross Bickell. Although she has charged irreconcilable differences, the began what was a divorce in Greenwich, Conn. says she loves Bickell but couldn't continue to entrap his career.



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## Good help not hard to find

We appreciate your interest in our film *The Way of the Willow* (People, Feb. 25) but, more than supplying "help" to the director, the 23 students involved were the prime researchers and crafts people in this project. Both Robert Miller and I co-produced this film, with the intention of encouraging students to experience professional production standards as a way to advance our dearer-see-Canadian film industry with the vitality, enthusiasm and imagination it so desperately needs.

—JAMES KENT HARRISON  
Cascadia University, Montreal

## In name alone

Your article on ARA (A Lousy Pill's Appearance, Health, Feb. 16) was very interesting, but let us not set up the pharmaceuticals of this country as purveyors of health. In my opinion, if there's one business they are not in, it is the health business. If they were, do you really think our drugstores would be as anxious to push tobacco products, diet plans and patent medicines?

—C. PROCTOR  
Perth, Ont.

## A lost rest

I find it absolutely appalling that in order to illuminate the journalistic misadventures of the already legendary cartoonist, Walter Gaudin, Peter C. Newman resorts to humiliating most of the newscasters, past, present and future (*Journalist First—A Fool's Story* for *Circle* Walter, Edmonton, Feb. 25) it.

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Parenting: a learning experience

is indeed ironic that by trying to gain some reciprocal respect from one friend, Newman has made many enemies.

—BOB ENLEY C.F.  
Victoria, B.C.

## Much in need

How very much we Canadians need such intelligent and broadminded articles as David Lewis' *Troubled View From the Sidelines* (Podium, Feb. 20). It is surely one of the most constructive and positive that we have seen since the constitution controversy began. If more of us could view the contemporary scene through the kindly eyes of wisdom and understanding, how much sooner Canadians could and would get together in trust and respect. The news media could surely accomplish more along this line instead of fanning the flames of bitter and antagonistic party warfare.

—A. MATHIASSEN  
Port Credit, Ont.

## Following suit

In Peter C. Newman's editorial *What Our Tin-Pot Navy Needs Is a Lot of Heavy Hardware* (Feb. 16), he quotes a Danish politician as saying that their only answer to a Russian invasion would be a taped message reading: "We surrender." Perhaps Canada's taped message should be: "Rebuild a country that prefers to spend its money as medical insurance, workmen's compensation, aid age pension, unemployment insurance and antiquiliphenic balloons," and put our armies to our work.

—LUCAS DIERCKX  
Windsor, Ont.

## A labor of love

In your article *Dingdong's 'Eros Callow'* (Canada, Feb. 2), you claim that Love Shopp's Brenda Haveler introduced the idea of at-home sex product parties. In February, 1986, I started working

strictly through at-home parties, as a sex products salesperson, long before Love Shopp's coked-in with their Love-ware parties. As far as I know, the whole party concept was introduced to Vancouver by Norma Goodknecht's Love Show in May, 1979. I would like to add that most of my customers are not "hardcore" sex, but large people of all ages and both sexes. One thing they all have in common is a healthy, honest, adventurous and courageous approach to developing their sexuality. They have my respect and they deserve yours too.

—LINDA OLAFSEN  
Vancouver

## Ms. quote

Doris Anderson blames Lloyd Accorby for bullying women. I'm tired of these women bullying women who do not think as they do (*Don't Ask Don't Tell*, Canada, Feb. 2). As a teacher by profession and the mother of five children, I feel that Doris Anderson does not respect the feelings and opinions of great numbers of women who do not agree with her.

—MARILYN LINDSEY  
Kelowna, B.C.

## To peel an orange

We are not taking up the fight for Premier William Davis, nor are we going into discussions as Quebec's 941 000, but we are saddened by Petheringham's lack of knowledge of the Legal Orange Association (*Keep Billy and His Orangemen*, Column, Feb. 16). His reference to the term "Orange boys" is uncalled for and, indeed, as result to every one of our 100,000 members from coast to coast. We make no apology for our past record of service. The Legal Orange Association has made a great contribution to the Canadian way of life during its 150 years of operation in Canada. Thousands of our members die in defence of their country which, it should be remembered, has secured your freedom to print such irresponsible drivel.

—NORMAN E. FITCHIE,  
Grand Secretary, Grand Orange Lodge of Canada, Windsor, Ont.

I am tired of seeing the Orange Order used as a whipping boy by writers such as Allan Petheringham. For the record, July 28th Orange week celebrations were not held in Ontario but in every province in Canada in 1986 and will be in 1987. Also, Orangemen stand for a united Canada with equal rights for all, special privileges for none.

—ROBERT PROUDYCE  
Port Perry, Ont.

Letters are edited and may be condensed. Writers should supply their full name and address, and should acknowledge in Editors to the *Editor*. Mailings: magazine 1250 Cityview Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M5W 1A7.

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# A case of cowardly betrayal

*'Franco-Ontarians must endure the worst of two worlds'*

By Susan Riley

It could be argued that Canada's 600,000 Franco-Ontarians have been sold out and betrayed by every political party in the country, but unfortunately most of English Canada would dismiss all of the middle of this argument. These left concerns would shrug so what? But the fate of Franco-Ontarians—who will remain second-class citizens even after Pierre Trudeau's celebrated new constitution is patented—should matter to anyone who professes faith in "national unity", to anyone, more importantly, who believes in simple justice. The fact is that while Quebec is officially bilingual and has been for 180 years, Ontario still isn't and neither Pierre Trudeau nor any of Ontario's three main political parties is brave enough or principled enough to rectify this historic injustice. This leads to one inescapable conclusion: trying to sell the new constitution as a "new deal" for French-Canadians, or a sincere response to the Quebec referendum, is hypocrisy and shame.

Under the existing constitution, the 1982 Act (section 133), Quebec is required to provide court and legislative services to its English minority. Ontario isn't. Consider what this means for two grizzled friends—Blaise Deschamps and Marie-Annette Chénier—who grew up in the Ottawa-Rideau region. Marie, a teacher working in Ottawa, does not have the constitutional right to be tried in French, or to be served in French when she gets her driver's licence, or to be hospital, or applies for social assistance. By contrast, her friend Elise, who now lives across the Ottawa River in Quebec, does have a right to be served by her provincial government in her own language. Marie may get today—she may find the provincial government does provide some services in French, but despite Premier William Davis' boasts about gradual bilingualization, services in vital spots and languages. Besides, there is a basic inequity in the situation: while Elise has a right to service in her own language, for Marie it is a privilege.

Early in the constitution debate, the federal New Democratic Party agreed against this injustice—they wanted section 133 extended to Ontario immediately. (New Brunswick, with its large francophone population, has volunteered to join itself as so kind itself as the constitution is here.) But the NDP backed away from its stand a few weeks ago at the request of Ontario star leader Michael Cassidy, who faces a provincial election next week. Both Cassidy and the Ontario Liberals are terrified at the prospect of language rights becoming an issue in the current campaign, terrified, they claim, of provoking an anti-French backlash from anglophone Ontario. Both members from both parties say Bill Davis will stoop to anything—including swilling bigotry—to get his majority, and they posit nervously at they election pamphlets that contain dire warnings

about "hinkin' bilingualism."

The Ontario NDP says, if elected, it will bind Ontario to section 133—it simply doesn't want anything "imposed" on the province by Ottawa. Why then isn't it arguing against the "imposition" of the charter of rights, or of minority language guarantees? It could be what they fear is not just Bill Davis, but a deep, subconscious vein of anti-French feeling in Ontario.

It isn't very comforting to watch this dispute from the eastern side of the Ontario border—and the Quebec press has been monitoring it scrupulously. For many Quebecers it confirms an area of suspicion: Ontario, Confederation's favored older brother, can get away with whatever it wants. Perhaps René Lévesque's opinion about Canada and constitutional reform is not entirely misplaced.

Federal Justice Minister Jean Chrétien will argue that, far from abandoning Franco-Ontarians, his government is ensuring their survival with guarantees in the new constitution for minority language education "where numbers warrant." But oddly, this is small comfort to one of the ministers it is imposed to protect—Franco-Ontarians. They say the wording is too loose, that it will be left to courts to decide what "numbers" warrant publicly funded French instruction. Furthermore, they say, what they really want is the constitutional right to establish their own schools and boards. Unless a child is educated in a totally French environment, the language survives only as folklore—as one room on a crowded curriculum.

It might be expected that the Franco-Ontarians' strongest ally would be the province of Quebec—but that is not so. Quebec nationalists have always been a bit cold-blooded about the fate of their distant cousins: they feel the language and culture must be maintained at their source rather than along the tributaries. Besides, Chrétien's minority language provision cuts two ways—it provides minimal rights for francophones outside Quebec, but it also refringes, minimally, as Quebec's Bill 101 by giving English Canadians easier access to English schools in that province. Quebec is simply not willing to give up its hard-won gains for the sake of far-flung competitors.

All of this leaves Franco-Ontarians friendless and frustrated. Like any border culture, they must endure the worst of two worlds. It is especially important to remember their plight in light of the recent speeches emanating from Ottawa these days—particularly the ones about "historic turning points" and "new beginnings." Instead of seeing the recent and making Canada a more just society, politicians, as usual, are displaying naive appetite for rhetoric than for real change.

Susan Riley is a staff writer for Maclean's in Ottawa.



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**DATELINE: CHIANG MAI**

## The high price of freedom

*Chiang Mai Jail is a web of corruption and graft*

By Derek Matland

Chiang Mai, the northern capital of Thailand, a city of many fine Buddhist temples, arts and crafts shops and tourist agencies, is jewel of the sweet ground rules that it placed on American servicemen seeking rest and recreation in the Vietnam days. Come here by all means, civil fathers told them, but don't expect a city of Bangkok-style massage parlors and brothels. Today, Chiang Mai is still a relatively clean and safe to a country abroad, but its civil pride ignores another far more alarming social blight. The city and its provincial jail have become a seething and



often brutal trap for new legions of foreign visitors—gangs such as Charlotte, a tall black California girl with braided hair. Derek Matland, who has now spent more than a year behind bars as a victim of the less laudable ground rules of Chiang Mai's burgeoning drug culture.

"I've been chained to a post in here for the past few days, just like a dog," she said, leaning against the bars of the "lawyer's room," just inside the jail's main gate. "I have about four feet to move around." She spoke softly and civilly, but eyes on the Thai guards. "They've been forcing the Thai women prisoners to search the foreign girls when they come back from court. A whole bunch of prisoners grabbed the New Zealand girl, Andrea, when she

*Opium trade of the Golden Triangle (top) Heroin addict (bottom): violence is only part of the punishment*

came back and held her down and searched her. The warden just laugh while it's going on."

Other stories of official violence came from the jail's 35 Western prisoners, all of them confined by foreign (foreign) volunteers who do welfare work among them. While these volunteers painted a horrific picture of life in Chiang Mai Jail, none of them would allow their names to be disclosed for fear of reprisal. There was the French girl, Genevieve, who had been attacked by some of Thai prisoners, beaten and then clapped in chains by the guards. An

Italian youth, Marcello, tried to fend off a Thai cop "and two of them beat him with heavy tank nightsticks, so viciously that he was unconscious, and yet the force of their blows and kicks kept elevating his body off the floor." And there was the even more sheer misery of the jail's 5,000 or so Thai prisoners. "They're referred to as a Thai word that means 'lower than a dog,'" said one welfare worker. "I've seen Thai convicts stagger out of the guardroom so badly beaten that they were foaming blood at the mouth."

Yet violence is only a part of the punishment that awaits the seemingly infinite stream of American, Canadian, European and Australian happen, addicts and small-time traffickers that pushes year-round into Chiang Mai, drawn by the cheap high-grade heroin of the Golden Triangle, just miles north of town. For many of them, Chiang Mai turns out to be a ruthless web of official corruption that feeds heartily off their earnings, and their stupidity. And once seized, the price of freedom is not only money but thousands upon thousands of dollars in graft, often paid by their families and friends.

They arrive on the overnight train and buses to find themselves in an addict's paradise in which Thai taxi and cycle drivers, cell inmates, purps, tour guides and even landlady of the dingy 10-a-day kippos "guesthouses" in Chiang Mai press them to buy almost pure heroin at prices no addict can refuse—no less as 10 baht (40 cents) a capsule, compared with \$25 to \$50 in North America. The moment they agree, many of them have already taken their first step toward Chiang Mai Jail—victim of a large, well-organized entrapment system operated by the Thai police, in which the informants are usually the traffickers themselves and are guaranteed immunity and a cash reward to add to the money they made on the heroin deals. So smooth is this head-on-collision relationship between peddlers and police that an American missionary in Chiang Mai says he often hears the city trying to warn addicts before the trap is sprung.

Once inside the jail's whitewashed stone walls and tall Foreign Legion-style cinder cunagons, the Westerners find that the jails are not simply for punishment but to give Thailand something statistical to show for its American-backed "fight" against the base (often drug industry of the Golden Triangle—and to provide a continuing source of graft for corrupt police, jail officials, judiciary and bureaucrats. Each prisoner is forced to pay the prison staff between \$200 and \$300 baht (\$120 to \$180) a month for food. Other payments are demanded for sleeping pellets and other basic treat-

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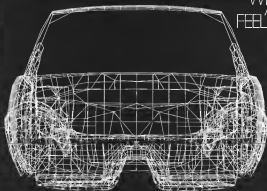
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ture comforts: when 30 male prisoners, all crammed in one small cell, recently complained about the stoves over crowding, each had to pay 2,500 bahts (\$766) so that 15 of them could be moved elsewhere. And there's no such thing as credit. "If you don't pay, or your money doesn't arrive from your family on time, you're just in chaos," explained one prisoner.

The "payments" bargain in the 12 to 18 months that it takes their cases to grind slowly through the Thai courts. First, a retainer of eight Thai lawyers, who are as jaded old to handling drug cases involving foreigners in Chiang Mai, sets its fees—ranging anywhere from 5,000 to 500,000 bahts (\$300 to \$300,000), depending on what the prisoners and their families can bear. Prisoners with no funds and no hope of getting money from home inevitably find themselves conducting their own defense in court hearings that are conducted entirely in Thai. And payment doesn't actually guarantee an adequate defense. An inmate from Los Angeles told of how he paid \$2,500 to a lawyer who pocketed the money and then withdrew from his case before it even reached the bench. He had since paid another \$12,000 to arrange for a new attorney, only to be told that for an additional \$30,000 he could escape the charge altogether and go free. "It's nothing but a financial conspiracy," he moaned.

He wasn't the only prisoner who had been presented with freedom's horizon line. Caroline, the Californian, who faced a possible 30-year sentence, had been told it would cost \$30,000 for the charge against her to be dropped. A Canadian youth from Hamilton, Ont., facing two drug-related charges that could have brought him a life sentence, reportedly paid \$50,000 to get off with only four years' jail. Prisoners' workers told of a young Swiss factory owner, nabbed within a couple of hours of buying six grams of heroin from a cycle driver, whose Thai girlfriend negotiated his release with a Chiang Mai police captain. It was all very businesslike. A telegram was sent to his parents in Switzerland and, within a few days, \$10,000 was wired to a bank in Chiang Mai. The girl-friend handed the cash to the police and the boy flew home the next day.

It may grieve like this, the money is allegedly shared by the lawyers, court officials and the police, who either drop the charges or introduce "new" evidence forcing an acquittal once the bribe is paid. Another relationship permeates, but even more infamous, racket is run by the jail's warden, who routinely allows a bribe. Thai traffickers take the prisoners to sell heroin to the foreign inmates (at \$100 a pop). Any prisoners



Heroin dealer under arrest (top); Buddhist monks treat addicts (below). "If you don't pay, you're just in chaos."



who are "popped," or caught using the drug in their cells, are given the choice of paying bribes ranging from \$50 to \$1,000, or going to court on new charges. On a recent quieted road visit, it was noted that 20 of the foreign prisoners were on heroin, some of whom had not actually been addicted until their imprisonment. One West German prisoner, in jail for a year awaiting a verdict, had been popped five times and had been forced to pay up on each count. "They exist in a constant state of fear and paranoia," said the American missionary. "There are those who would suggest they deserve everything that they get, but among the hard-core types there are some sick people who face the prospect of serving 30 years or more in Chiang Mai and Bangkok and for something that they would be treated for back home. The only way they can escape with such an awful future is to pay

whacked out of their minds."

Canadian and United States embassy officials in Bangkok and Chiang Mai are well aware of the extortion in Chiang Mai jail, but say they can do very little about it. There's the question of Thai law and sovereignty on one hand, and a extremely low-paid, inflation-wrecked civil service to contend with on the other. "My household gets a bigger salary than the average Thai police patrolman," said one Canadian narcotics agent. "How can you expect a cop or writer to stay clean in the Golden Triangle?"

For the U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA), which finances and supports Thai police campaigns against the Golden Triangle, the Chiang Mai corruption points to a more alarming operational problem. For obvious reasons, agents complain, the Thais prefer to bust Western hipsters and "sitewar" traffickers, while ignoring and even protecting the Triangle's major business and Chinese drug barons who command large profits armies. There are observers who place some of the blame on the DEA itself. "The American demand results for all the money, equipment and intelligence they supply," explained the American missionary, "and the Thais simply pick off the easiest targets around."

There's only one way to halt the corruption, the missionary continued, "and that's to warn those young fools about the sordid trap they're walking into. I see presents from Billy and Barbara from the U.S. who come here to help get their kids out of Chiang Mai. Well, when they're told it'll take \$50,000 to do it, the agent on their faces kills me." ☐

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# Coming home from Billy Bishop's war

Travo boy John Gray is back from Broadway with a new show rooted solidly in Nova Scotia

By Ian Anderson

"You know"—John Gray is loosening up after the day's rehearsal—"I can really understand why a lot of great Irish writers lived in France. It really does help you see your country clearer by being out of it." Gray knows it now. In his first 33 years, this flowing playwriting salient ventured over the border. Then all hell broke loose in the unlikely form of Billy Bishop Goes to War, a little epic to the First World War. Gray saw that he wrote and starred in with his best friend, Eric Peterson. Beneath the bias, they are both a bit dazed by the wild success of it all. "No matter how good the reviews are, you always feel it's just a matter of time before they'll see through us," Peterson says. "Beneath with Bishop." No one has. Last year's recent best-play and best-actor awards in Los Angeles, rave at the Edinburgh Festival, a Broadway opening with the estimable Mike Nichols, touring Gray's talent, bag-money offers from Hollywood and an opening next month in London. It also means discovering that insidious colonial spirit which infects so much that Canadians do, when he realized the lights burn in Berkeley in New York like at home. In charism hotel rooms between Halifax and Los Angeles he worked out *Rock and Roll*, a dry-eyed musical about growing up and out of his home town, Truro, N.S. It opens next Monday at Ottawa's National Arts Centre. Truro? Nova Scotia? After the strain of Bishop? Even with the flash and flare of Gray's songs and music, would anyone in the States pay attention? Would they be interested? Gray doesn't make these Truro is a matter. Zero detachment, he believes in himself. He's a showman, an entertainer, but still holds to lose "my amateur status." I'm writing things because I mean them. Even if I never went to Broadway again, it wouldn't bother me at all that much. He quite covets any audience in Canada. He quite happy with that.

Don't let on you don't know what you're doing. (This could be the night)—from *Rock and Roll*

This was a shabby, str, musical boy's home family came from Haverhill, Mass. (population 100, mostly relatives) There was no record player at home

the father, Howard, played five instruments and bred three professional musicians. In a town noted for little more than clean streets and Sturbridge's underwear, John Gray found himself freedom playing organ and trumpet for The Lancelotti, a rock band located on Wilson Pickett, fast cars and a hell-raising image. They were the kings of Friday night, the biggest dance band from Moncton to Halifax. And in the way a big band did to a small town, they



Gray: not just a pale imitator

breathed a Friday-night spirit into the kids, gave life to a town with no gym, no music in school, so me to look up to, no relevance. "Boy, did I get beat up in Stellarton." Gray is telling band stories. "Wooded! Some gray from the Truro steel mill got his hands on me. All I probably did was step on his toe. But we were all from Truro, and that's enough."

At 17, Gray fled down the Trans-Canada Highway, over the New Brunswick border in a world of relevance and black trunks at Mount Allison University. Still with The Lancelotti in person, in spirit he was drifting away. Leaving back over half his life, the writer can see his themes rising out of that time: the band splitting up as the Beatles hit their peak, ambitions ex-

ceeding talents, Truro seeming like a "cultural leftover" to people wanting wealth and fame, players putting down their instruments because they couldn't be the Stones, the Byrds, the Appletons.

His emotions mirrored themselves for a decade, until the band held a reunion. They played two nights in 1978 before 3,000 excited fans. People returned from all over the country, older certainly, maybe more settled. They danced on tables, drank from bottles.

They say it was merely "it was the first time I was in Truro when nobody wanted to be anywhere other than Truro," Gray recalls. "It was the first time I felt I came from a place that has a meaning to it, that this was not just a pale imitation and if I'd been looser I might have been from Toronto."

Something had clicked. The Bishop songs touched on this "colonial mentality," but not like the raw show that grew from the experience. As he wrote *Rock and Roll* on tour with Peterson, Gray was seeing his life in a new light. What he calls the "demythologization process" was under way, headed by the success of Billy Bishop. People in New York, Washington and L.A. were applauding a Canadian First World War hero—all at things. "It made John more confident about being a Canadian artist," Peterson feels. "Being down there," Gray

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says, "I started to see Canada in a totally different way. As having a bona fide existence, as having a lot of interesting people."

*If it's good enough for England/Then it's good enough for us/And the Colonial boys are lined up... for war*  
—from Billy Bishop Goes to War

Billy Bishop was born of boredom. In Ottawa doing repertory theatre, Peterson bought Bishop's autobiography, *Winged Warfare*. Caught up by the "cracking good story," he passed the book along to his friends—and Gray loved it. "I had had it up to here with Canadian tragic heroes," Gray grimaces. "Louis Riel and all these cats—I'm really sick of that. It really appealed



Peterson (above left) with Gray Gray surrounded by *Rock and Roll* cash: you're constantly battling your regrets!

audiences were relieved to have the country's war experience recognized and honored after the tarring of all soldiers back after Vietnam. His own *Vite* production had worked as the single greatest experience in the life of many of their fathers. In Peterson's words, Billy Bishop depicted youths who went to war "because good in the end can be accomplished, or at least bad can be deflected. Or just because they were stupid or bad." Gray had his own reason to cut through the war experience. In his briefcase he still carries an old letter from the mother of one John West, thanking Howard Gray for saving his first son John, in memory of their dead son, a Hurricane pilot from Repulse, N.S., killed in the Battle of Britain. John West was Howard's best friend. "What was it that moved my father to do that?" Gray wonders. "He's not the sort of guy you expect the large poetic square from. When it's his son's son I got into Bishop that I realized I hadn't touched on what the experience was: have been to bring him to do that."

No one should die alone when he is twenty-one! And that shouldn't make you feel ashamed.

—from Billy Bishop Goes to War

Neither Gray nor Peterson had ever worked longer than eight weeks on a show. For whatever reason, they had chosen to stay in Canada. Bishop was concerned on last month's work. They had been on tour nearly a year when New York producers Mike Nichols and

Lewis Allen showed an interest. "That had created to be a goal in my professional life, to hit it big in the States," Peterson says. "It's part and parcel of doing plays about Canadians. Working here, you gave up the idea of graduating to the so-called big time." That mythic goal soon dissipated as the money and smugness of New York. When Beverlee Laines, Gray's companion of a year, shutters on about the leechy estates and inch-thick towels of the New York producers, Gray idly tries to dump a spoonful of chocolate ice cream into his wine. He will not have it before he was incensed by anyone, anything, on *Broadway*, even Mike Nichols. "Take a Chorus Line," he demands. "It means nothing. It's a bubble with nothing inside. Even Lew Allen will tell you *America* means nothing, and he produced it. The challenge of one of these shows is simply to keep the bubble up. Now the New York technicians for keeping that bubble up are tremendously sophisticated. They will spare no expense. But if you ask anyone who comes out what it means, it means nothing."

But Peterson calls his friend "a late bloomer"—if you can call it a late bloomer. "It was not until age 30 that he wrote his first play, *in Which*, and only now, with *Rock and Roll*, has there, that he feels confident enough to write authentic dialogue and draw from his own experience. The flowering of his talent surprises even those closest to him, who knew him as that talented director in Vancouver who had to help start a theatre to get work. This was the same guy who composed songs on guitar for his friends and delved in transcendental meditation and Kropfing and any other wave of "human potential" therapy that washed over the West Coast. The same one who fled Vancouver to exercise a marriage breakup. He just kept on proving: this can understand, then, the sense of frustration he feels for a national tendency "to identify with anyone other than ourselves." For him, Truro becomes a microcosm. What Truro means for Truro, Broadway means for Toronto. Colonial attitudes. It's *MacIntyre* sometimes leaving home to "make it" in Toronto. It's Vancouver film-makers importing American "stars" so Canadians will accept their films. It's actors leaving Canada because their stock will rise at home the moment they leave home behind. John Gray is manna philosophical again: "Somehow it's been able to accept yourself, where you are and who you are, that enables you to face the future with courage. If you're constantly battling your regrets, you can never be courageous about the future, because all you're doing by living is collecting more regrets. It's a terribly defeatist attitude." ☺



that this wasn't a tragic story in any sense. He was, he was a winner. Canadian history seems to put me on as losers." Over drinks and good tables, the two men talked. A two-man show would be great—for the joy and freedom of mousing it with no hassles. Gray read Bishop's letters in the Military Archives and they wanted a replica of the son's old Simpson helmet—all worn and matted. Then Peterson fled to the Caribbean, "fed up with acting and with Canada." When he returned three months later, Gray had the first draft done. Gray would play piano and sing a bit. Peterson got Bishop—plus 16 other parts, as well as the sound effects of a Lewis gun and machine gun.

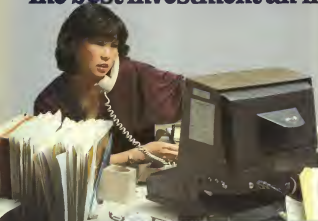
Bishop hit a nerve somewhere in the Canadian psyche. Peterson sensed the

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## A different conclusion to a storybook romance

The queen of Sikkim is now a New York City divorcee

Eighteen years ago, Hape Cooke was killed as another Grace Kelly—a pretty American girl marrying foreign royalty and emerging a princess. Newspapers and magazines throughout the world featured color spreads of the New York debutante's wedding in the remote Himalayan kingdom of Sikkim, a timorous, deer-eyed Hope demurely sipping tea as she knelt at the side of her husband's throne. But the young goddess (queen), as Hope was regally styled, was a far cry from the elegantly sophisticated Kelly. She hardly spoke above a whisper, while tilting her head upward like a sparrow reaching for a worm. Her accent was an incongruous blend of upper-class hawk with the urgent chant of an Indian mystic. Her responses, trilled of mid-winter into a mistle of elongated vowels accompanied by rapid nods of the head.

"There's no doubt about it, I was a little flaky," admits Hape Cooke, now a 46-year-old divorcee. "I certainly had weird habits, but they weren't affectations. My voice, my posture were just anxiety, and the more I had to do in public the more anxious I became and the more obvious my mannerisms were."

Today, a far less beaute Cooke has just finished her autobiography, *Time Change*. "It was an attempt to make my life more coherent to myself," she relates. The story Cooke has finally put together sounds like a 19th-century paragon of a Victorian matriarchy. After her mother died in an airplane crash, two-year-old Hape lived with her sternly upper-crust grandparents, who relegated most of her upbringing to a succession of governesses. When both grandparents died in her teens, Hape dropped out of fashionable Madras School and went to Tehran where an



Cooke and her king: fond of a pretty face

uncle served as United States ambassador. On a summer vacation in India she met a handsome widower, the maharajamar (crown prince), who asked her to look after his young daughter stranded in a nearby boarding school. Possessed of a deep love for the East and a desperate need for a family of her own, the maharajamar's subsequent proposal led to marriage.

But Sikkim turned out to be considerably less than an oriental fairy tale. The Chagyal, as the new king called himself after he succeeded his father on the throne, had an obvious weakness for a pretty face (even inviting a new girlfriend to his wedding to Hope) and an equally soft spot for Western Scotch. Moreover, Hope found herself coping with such classic marriage-wreckers as hostility from her stepchildren and suspicion of a scheming enter-in-law. Hope, as her husband called her, tried to modernize Sikkim's education system, basically an imitation of 19th-century British education. But Sikkim's traditional-based upper class did not support her efforts and, to make matters worse, her husband accused her of meddling in a man's world.

The shaky marriage survived 10 years and produced two children, but could not



Cooke now: "maybe it's dull, but it's me."

weather the political and emotional strain brought about by the Indian take-over of Sikkim. With her two children, Cooke headed back to the United States and set up house in a New York apartment that she could afford to furnish initially with only a few antiques. After a successful resort career by her former husband, last year to have her children visit Sikkim, her teenage son and daughter spent the summer in the land of their birth. Cooke herself has no plans to return. "I am through with that period of my life," she explains. "Sometimes I look back and wonder if that was really me."

"I don't want to be known forever as the former Hape Cooke," she says. "I'd like to be known for what I am now, a writer, a person who takes dance classes. Maybe it's dull, but it's me." And to relieve that boredom? Cooke admits a new romance, even if a less ego one, would be welcome. "I really made that as clear as I possibly can in the last chapter of my book. I've done everything but give my telephone number."

—RITA CHRISTOFFER

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## The Happy Hoofers

By Warren Gerard

There was the only night to remember of the entire Ontario election campaign. Something happened. There was pink champagne. Premier William Davis, 51, looking leaner and fitter than he has in years, puffing on his over-present prop, a black bear pipe, with wife Kathleen, hanging on his ruminant arm, arriving at his own summative appointment in Brampton. But it wasn't quite the evening the advance men had in mind. It was better. The favouring faithful were there in droves, but so was a small and loud group of hospital workers, bearing pinboards and chanting abuse. Kathleen was pelted in the square and, visibly shaken, grabbed her husband's arm. The couple was surrounded by cops and party workers. It was great TV.

Then no sooner had Davis started his acceptance speech than a handful of the hospital workers shouted "Strike! Strike! Strike!" They were angry because the government had crushed their illegal strike across the province, then suspended 2,500 of them and fired some union leaders. The 600 Tory partisans at the meeting shouted back "Davis! Davis! Davis!" It was an opportunity Davis didn't miss. Red-faced and blistered, his own anger showing, probably because his wife was pelted, Davis said, "You will not outshine me."

He went on with a law-and-order lecture. "The law of this province is very clear. You may disagree with it, but that's the law. The law is simple. The law says hospital workers do not have the right to strike." A couple of days later, party polls told the Conservatives that voters liked what they heard. Davis looked like a leader.

What makes this campaign of mere teasings and, indeed, just promotional interest is that, whether Ontarians and their would-be leaders like it or not, Ontario is a far wisp from the fair-weather province it has been and still was as recently as the late 1970s. Driven of



Davis at the Ontario Club: a maverick man who is not going to be intimidated

resources while newfound treasure hoards abound to the west and east, Ontario had done little to augment its reliance on manufacturing—a reliance that has made it easy for the centre of power to slip away toward the Atlantic.

The province grew the poorest impression of standing still—and half asleep at this. Scull wonder Tory strategists advised Davis' stern performance in Brampton.

They have put all their money as Davis and leadership as the issue in the March 19 Ontario election, when they hope to win back the majority they lost in 1975 and couldn't win in the 1977 election. And leadership has become the issue despite the efforts of Liberal

leader Dr. Robert Smith, a psychiatrist, and New Democrat leader Michael Cassidy, a former journalist. To make Ontario's election campaign the issue, The Tories decided on their strategy—and it seems to be working—after their polls told them Davis was perceived to be the best leader by far of the three. They rolled out their Big Blue Machine and slickly packaged Davis as a leader of national stature.

He even came out of the recent national PC meeting in Ottawa swelling of success, despite the fact that the party hard-core faithful remain angry with him for jumping into a footnote with Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau last year in the constitutional war while "absenteeism" dominated. PC 31, Toronto 25, MCP 22.

*Davis hasn't made a slip, murmuring optimistically about the future, handing out millions in promises.*

**Maclean's**  
NOVEMBER 1981

**Smith is a highly articulate speaker, but he has a bitchy, petulant side.**

Joe Clark was put on notice. On the campaign trail, Davis hadn't made a slip, harrowing optimistic notes about the future of Canada and handing out millions of dollars in promises. His performance prompted a highly placed



Stuart Smith multi-meeting with wife, Phyllis. Dr. Mc dabbling out bad news

## The toughest row for Stu to hoe

Standing at the podium, neatly dressed in a corporate-suit blue suit, Dr. Stuart Smith was eloquently Tupperware-ing "I believe that the failure of economic leadership which we have witnessed over the past decade is the direct result of a deep and pervasive complacency, a fundamental cynicism, an arrogance of power, a willingness to rest on past laurels." The crowd of about 300 Metropolitan Toronto-area Liberals, meeting at the Royal York Hotel to host a taffeta on the party days, thumped their lace-trimmed chairs, cheered and applauded, as much for the television cameras as for the sane old news. Finally, they were being told, after 22 years in the political wilderness, they had their act together. They had a leader—a politician, a man whose late adolescence, it was when major ap-

prover to resign. "The son of a bitch is as good I almost feel like voting for him!" he agreed to a TV debate and set a deadline early in the 44-day election for the networks to agree on a format, but when they couldn't and the deadline passed he cancelled the debate. It looked suspiciously prearranged—some even said fixed—and left Smith and Cassidy without the exposure they desperately needed in their under minor election.

Yet they are the ones dealing with the

issue of Ontario's economic performance. Cassidy, who is about as colorful as a deep sleep on the stump, plain along, looking mainly to the economy, committed as the various of Crown corporations, maintenance of rent controls (which he says the Tories will probably abolish), a higher minimum wage and the dangers posed by the increased number of people before the courts, the median for schedule 11's all important, well-researched stuff, but Cassidy doesn't have the fire in his belly to put it

gross of Italian Canadians, and David Preddy, former president of the North American Life Assurance Co., who, Smith said, would give the party some Big Street muscle.

The problem—despite what a large number of enthusiastic Liberals might wish—is that Smith and his new-breed candidates will be hard-pressed to win even one of Metro's 25 provincial seats. The only Metro Liberal seat in the last legislature was St. George's, a downtown Toronto riding which was held by Margaret Campbell, a crony and revered former city alderman who retained the seat name on personal popularity than for her party's platform. Now that Campbell has retired, the candidacy has fallen to shyman McLeod, but even the most conservative of Tory strategists predict victory for their candidate, Susan Fish, an attractive former city alderman.

The Liberals name a number of Metro seats they say they can win, but by late last week only two ridings were left—Parkdale in the west and Yorkville in the northwest—where they stand any possibility of victory. The two seats, traditionally Tory ridings, were supposedly up for grabs, but that thinking was based on early election wisdom that the net, under Michael Cassidy's leadership, was in a state of collapse. Polls indicate that net support has slipped by six percentage points, but the party has secured its base and might, in fact, build upon that in the dying days of the election. Still, the Tories, with 16 per cent of the vote underwritten, are hoping for opens in four St. Paul's ridings—Reservoir, Woodbine and Scarborough—Elmhurst in the east, and Lakeshore and High Park-Beaches in the west.

Metro standings in the last legislature were 17A 14, 17B 14, Liberal 11. The Tories appear secure in all their Metro seats but under a merger develops or unless a stronger Liberal caucus takes votes away from the Tories, there appears to be little movement in Metro—certainly not the few seats the Tories held for a majority. In any event, Stuart Smith's new-breed may well be back where they started—down on the farm in rural Ontario.



Conservative Fish, Liberal McLeod who will win Metro's one Liberal seat?

goal was to the urban voter. And along with him stood a number of other high-profile candidates, some of whom, Smith promised the faithful, would be seen by city voters to cabinet members. Among them were Bruce McLeod, a former moderator of the United Church of Canada, lawyer Ian Roper, counsel to the Berger inquiry on the Mackenzie Valley pipeline, Anne Manning, an outspoken city alderman, Laurence Lewis, former president of the National Con-

over as did Stephen Lewis, the man he succeeded as leader three years ago. Smith is something else. He's a highly articulate speaker and has a good television presence, which is perhaps a reason why the TV debate never took place, but he has a bitchy, petulant side to him, so frequently shown in his encounters with the press. He told reporters before the election was called that if he didn't win, he would quit, which prompted Tories to say, why vote for Smith, he's going to quit anyway.



Smith's leading Davis and Cassidy heading down no TV debate

He started the campaign aggressively, tailing voters that Ontario had slipped to 19th and last place in economic growth among the provinces, and then the statisticians were started. Smith based his finances as Conservative head of Canada statistics, but Davis said the board wasn't working—too slow—so he took the Ontario government's 1980-1981 year to 1980 to it—himself, he said, among 20 economic forecasting agencies in Canada, the board is rated 19th for accuracy. In January and February, Minister Larry Grossman, not into the act when he said Ontario wasn't 19th—it was sixth. That statistic was dropped. Davis started calling Smith "Dr. Negative," and Mark Sogol, Davis' special adviser, called just another Tory got out of his hat last week that claimed 90 per cent of the voters didn't believe Ontario is 19th and last and that fewer than three per cent thought the provincial government was to blame for all Ontario's economic problems. "I know people aren't buying Smith and last," said a Sogol aide, "and they may end up shooting the messenger."

Nevertheless, Smith kept climbing out the bad news, blaming Davis for the economic mess and calling for a change after 37 consecutive years of Tory rule. Smith's new-breed may well be back where they started—down on the farm in rural Ontario.

## The blue is in the blood

It was the year the Germans surrendered in North Africa, Canadians fought in Sicily and the Japanese were driven from Guadalcanal. On the lighter side, 1943 was the year Oliver Aasen opened and Frank Sinatra was a teen idol. At home, in Canada's heartland, it was the year the Tories came to

power in Ontario. And they have been there ever since—37, almost 38 years—making Ontario's government older than Canada's. Ontario, the state of Ireland or Fidel Castro's Cuba. The Tories, for that matter, were even in power before the Toronto Argonauts had won a Grey Cup and, unless there's an amazing upset at the pole on March 24, they will continue their comfortable political dynasty for another four years.

It all started with the election of George Drew's minority government in



Drew (left), Frost (middle) and Robinson (right) the show is still running

Aug. 4, 1943, and, despite their share of scandals, blunders and arrogance, the Tories have had little difficulty in maintaining a solid base—a stable of remnants, but the most obvious is that the Liberal and New Democratic (formerly the CCF) parties have spoiled each other's chance of assuming power by splitting the vote. Another in leadership. The Tories have had four leaders since, taking over in the war years: George Drew, Leslie Frost, John Robarts and William Davis. After each change of leadership, the party has gone through a metamorphosis, shedding its traditions and reinventing itself. In another decade of power, but Davis can count on four more years outside the cockpit.



and he wouldn't respond to questions on other issues. The press dubbed him "Dr. More."

Drew's meanwhile, has been describing Ontario's economic performance, saying things like high energy, where because of high inflation, high interest rates and high energy costs he predicts a case-to-two-per-cent growth in real domestic product this year, compared with the Conference Board's 4 per-cent forecast. He makes a point of reminding Ontario's people that they rank third in Canada in personal in-





*It's all important stuff,  
but Cassidy doesn't have  
the fire in his belly  
to put it over.*

come per capita and that the unemployment rate is 8.6 per cent vs. 3.3 per cent nationally. He boasts that Ontario has created 100,000 new jobs each year—the average over the past five years—a figure that dropped to 68,000 last year because of the recession in general and layoffs in the auto industry in particular. And he rejects Smith's 100-and-later because "it is not valid to compare Ontario with resource economies of the West and a much smaller economy such as Prince Edward Island."

When Davis talks about Smith, his face tightens. The two men have an enormous dislike for each other. Biting

## The sound of one man clapping

Michael Cassidy sat alone with his thoughts on the night into the North. His aides approached him only when business was at hand, the focus media people on the plane never went near him. It's plain to see the schizophrenia about Cassidy, especially in a crowd—he's not a mirror but a steadfastly quiet man with little time for small talk. In some ways that's a redeeming, if not an unusual, quality in a politician, but it is also partly why Cassidy has won such little recognition across the province and why the NDP has dipped in the polls since he became leader three years ago. Yet his photo on diligently growing facts and figures on complex economic and health-care issues, hoping that somebody out there is listening.

On this day, he was flying into a part of the province where the NDP is in danger of losing seats to the Tories. Both ridings he wanted, Cochrane North and Cochrane South, will almost certainly be held by the Tories after the election, which will surprise no one—especially if Cassidy's performance was a reassuring stick. At an almost fully automated shipyard plant in Timmins, he got out at the hyped-up moment of the machinery for the benefit of a few crew and met only a handful of employees. It was much of the same in Kapuskasing, where he chatted to 30 people gathered in the lounge in a senior citizens' home. Later, after a three-hour break in a sleeping centre, he spoke to 40 party

in the back of his own campaign bus (the prize ride in a separate bus), Davis told Cassidy's "What the leader of the Opposition says we have a crummy manufacturing sector he's not criticizing me, he's criticizing the small business, the small and the big industry right across this province."

In the past fortnight, Smith has tried to shift his campaign's direction, suggesting alternatives in Davis' \$1.5-billion economic blueprint (NEP) for the province, announced a week before the election was called. But Smith's program is vague, without a price tag and it's getting little attention. He told a rally in Ontario that government must ask business: "What are the products going to be that we figure we can sell to

the rest of the world? What are the products you have in developing these products? What help do you need in raising these industries? What help do you need in getting the product into the world market?"

It's not much to go on, and Smith even seemed to be losing interest in the campaign. Asked what a Liberal government's deficit would be under his proposed economic platform, Smith said the public would have to "wait and see. Sooner or later, if our economy doesn't grow, it won't matter if our deficit is \$1 billion or \$800 billion. It's going to be a rather academic problem."

Other issues have seemed little atten-



Cassidy reaching, with broadest, growing facts and figures in the North



NDPer Games, Tory Gordon: time to change to a 37-year-old government?

workers at a dinner. That night he was stuck in Kapuskasing when his flight to Toronto was snowed in.

He's not much of a stumper now, while so one in the North seems to know very much about him, it's the same all over. It may be a factor that will make the difference in Sudbury where the

popular mayor, Al Gordon, running as a Red Tory in the blue-collar riding, should defeat NDP incumbent Bud Greens. Both Tory and NDP strategists are calling the campaign in Port Arthur, where incumbent Joe Poulos, a teacher, won by only 339 votes in the 1987 election, a close horse race. His Tory opponent there, Allan Kankhane, a community college instructor, is again challenging Poulos—this time, he says, with an earlier start.

The Tories also have big eyes for Algoma, where Vern Peterson, a former town councillor in Blind River, is challenging NDP incumbent Bud Williams. The Tories are also working hard in Nipissing which has been a Liberal riding since 1980. Liberal incumbent Mike Babin is in a race with Tory Mike Harris and, ironically for Babin, there's a sentiment in the riding that it's "time to change" to a government that has been in power for 22 years.

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tion. It seemed that the \$300-million collapse of Astra Trust and Re-Mar Investment companies would become a bigger issue than it did. Just before the election was called on Feb. 2, the legislature's justice committee issued a report finding "serious maladministration" of provincial laws which should have protected investors. Premiers picked Davis' meetings, demanding that the government reimburse investors for their losses, but last week the issue took on a different complexion when police in Niagara Falls arrested eight people and charged them with conspiracy to defraud the public of \$30 million and conspiracy to steal \$30 million.

Davis has appeared successful in deflating issues one by one while keeping to his issue of leadership. He took another step last week to play the hole in his campaign with an emotional, truly lively address to the party faithful at an Empire Club of Canada luncheon. Tory workers are telling the premier what he already knew, that hard-core Conservatives are repelled by his alliances with Trudeau. He criticized Trudeau for his confrontation tactics on the constitutional issue and said that it "could have been handled in a more effective, less provocative way." This is defence of the Crown, he said, "This country will only become a republic over my dead political body."

It is more than fifty South who's faithful. As he told Modiano's "You know, we've been 58 years in the wilderness. If people still leave us in the wilderness, they'll honestly expect that someone professional individuals of ability are going to do it for ever, waiting, just to see the people 60 years from now might change their minds."

As the election entered its final days, Davis appeared on the verge of forcing the newly government that has elected him in the past two elections. Careful not to ask for a majority, Davis has been calling for a "mandate" so as not to remind people of his party's last-party, innocent at both Tory and NRC investigations, however, he has 60 seats in the House of Commons for a majority.

With such a result, the West will hope, perhaps wishfully, that Davis will turn down his views on energy pricing, issues that are closer to the consumer than the campaign. For Ottawa, Davis' support of the competition bill is a major asset, may divide, for Davis, backing Trudeau may have been as useful for Liberal votes as for petroleum or petroleum.

Another minority might mean he would quit or look at any coming victory in the federal party leader's position. "I think he could go on being premier for another 18 years if the people would have him. He enjoys the job."

## The curse of the corporate vampires



By Ian Anderson

Everyone who drives a car or pays a heating bill had suspected it was happening. It was almost a joke. It was left to a short, diffident businessman named Robert J. Bertrand to deliver the punch line last Wednesday in seven terse volumes. This head of the federal combine branch alleged Canada were out of pocket by about \$12 billion because of overcharging by the major oil companies between 1968 and 1970. He said that money was invested in the time it, say, the Canada Pension Plan, it would now be worth \$10 billion, about \$5,000 per family. And little could be done about the loss. With the country's competition law, it was so, it is not possible to prosecute the companies in class, however a policy of the alleged rip-off. What's more, Bertrand suggests, the toll has been mounting since his raids on 12 of companies in 1970.

Enraged The State of Competition in the Canadian Petroleum Industry, the report is really about the utter lack of competition. It alleges price-fixing at every stage of the business: importing, pipelines, refining, marketing. The most graphic story is the destruction of the independent petroleum dealers by the Big Four: Imperial Oil, Shell Canada, Exxon Canada and Gulf Canada. Together, investigators maintain, the Big Four used Canada as a "laboratory" for price-fixing techniques. They con-



André Guellet and sleuths Bertrand hunting (beyond him, top) and Guellet hunting Canada into a job for price-fixing

took 44 per cent of Canadian refining capacity and 58 per cent of the retail outlets—about twice their penetration in the U.S. More important, Canadian competition law makes it acceptable to divide up a market so long as a Crown prosecutor cannot prove anyone intended to hurt consumers (see box opposite). It is not enough for a prosecutor to show an internal memorandum from Gulf Canada saying it must raise prices.

"To me taking this away which historically has been Blinky's" Mr. is it enough to have a subsequent Gulf

some stating, "Our prices should be competitive with the higher of Imperial and Shell."

There was no "smoking gun" found by Bertrand or the man who played the lead role in researching the report, John Baldwin, a Queen's University economist. Among the 300,000 pages of documentation they scoured there is no paper from one president to another ordering an intent to fix prices. Instead there is a huge body of material that leads unavoidably to the inference that there was between the companies, on the report states, "a deliberate tendency of the major companies to follow parallel action out of tacit recognition of their mutual self-interest." The best example is the common strategy for "disciplining" the aggressive independent dealers who thrust themselves into the marketplace in the 1960s, selling large volumes of gasoline at discount prices. Such competition could not be tolerated as the Gulf Canada marketing department notes in citing as "retroactive" supply agreement with Murphy Oil. "All we need in Western Canada to make some marketing departments fall flat on their faces is to allow an aggressive price-cutting marketer, such as Murphy, to become established on the Plains."

It was an unsettling fact for the Big Four that independent dealers could upstage their stations more efficiently, selling gas for as much as 14 cents a gallon cheaper than a Gulf or Shell station. Unlike, or unwilling, to compete on price, the Big Four adopted what Gulf

called the "big stick" strategy. They developed the so-called "lighting brands." Such new discount chains as Sincore (Imperial), Regent (Exxon) and Beaver (Shell) were spotted around the independent stations in order to draw enough of their trade so that the independent dealer would have to raise prices in order to stay profitable. By the late 1960s,



Upching prices at the pump: how not to let the price-cutters flourish

the majors were using another tactic to contain the spread of competition, pressuring dealers into accepting "management" deals, whereby dealers would get a gas supply with the retail price dictated by the company. A Shell document from 1971 describes the aim of this "containment" policy as being to



## A justice blind and handcuffed too

While the politicians have gazed unconcernedly from the sidelines, Canadian courts have refused to magnify the country's badly written competition laws. A Crown prosecutor must prove a conspiracy or a conspiracy to harm a competitor. That is not the sort of crime a chief executive acts as a secretary to file. Without such clear-cut evidence, successful prosecution is impossible in a criminal court. That was the thrust of an analysis of the 1986 Atlantic Region prosecutor's grant against William Stanbury of the University of British Columbia. The Supreme Court of Canada ruled 6 to 1 "that although there was a tacit agreement to maintain almost constant market shares for over 12 years and that competition had been lessened by Stanbury's work."

In a case as multifaceted as the oil inquiry, the burden of proof becomes almost impossible for a prosecutor to

"disturb the private-brand market in deep discount areas with the express intent of price reduction." In 1972, another Shell document says the strategy "will also discourage any new entrants if it is clear that strong markets exist at some level of discount." Referring to this and other documents, a combinator lawyer added that while the case may not be smoking, "it sure is smoldering in the marketing documents."

In their textbook defence of their dominant market position, the majors were entirely successful. Since late 1978, Bertrand writes, most independents "have faithfully followed the price structure established by the majors." A lesson had been learned. Through the past decade, the independent share of the gas market was at least cut in half, estimates Jim Cerned, executive director of the Canadian Federation of Independent Petroleum Marketers. The independents now hold less than 15 per cent of the Canadian market. As for the effect on Canadian consumers of their retreat, "The proof is in the pudding," says a combinator lawyer. "When the majors finish disciplining the independents, the majors' profit margins go up."

For Pierre Trudeau, the timing of Bertrand's report is perfect. It serves to tarnish any legitimacy to complaints the majors have about attempts to "Canadianize" their industry. It would also help deflect criticism on that point from the U.S. on the eve of President Ronald Reagan's visit to Ottawa. It was a veiled referring to the vigorous independent gasoline industry in the U.S. and the attempts there to further cut on the upcharge of the majors, John Baldwin says. "We really want to see a new government. They want to go even farther."

In a business this large you're always going to find breakdowns in the agreement," says a frustrated Competition Commission spokesman. The problem comes when the public doesn't understand that freedom is between brothers—or sisters in this case.

Since the Economic Council of Canada reported in 1969 that the competition laws had badly needed revision, about 100 bills have been introduced in the task. Two bills were given first reading in 1977 and both subsequently died in committee. Everyone agrees on the pressing need to clean up the legal language and allow the civil courts to deal with monopolies and joint monopolies so the burden of proof is less onerous, and remedies more timely. With the oil case the Liberal government finally seems to believe there is political advantage in getting on with it.

## Cops and robbers, which were which?

She has said, this witty Miss Hiri of Quebec terrorism, at least seven pseudonyms in her career as a paid police infiltrator, then as a satellite to a provincial inquiry and, lately, as a journalist. Without Carole Duvault, the Keable commission of inquiry concluded last Friday, the Front de libération du Québec would have died a natural death after Quebec's 1970 October Crisis. "Far from causing a decline in the terrorist activities of the group she had infiltrated, the presence of Miss Duvault had the effect of prolonging them."

Before publication of the report by Commissioner Jean Keable, Duvault's role was thought to be limited to informing Montreal police of FLQ activities and writing reports on the group. Now, however, the 34-year-old spy has emerged as a veritable agent provocateur who, in 1971, conceived, planned or executed terrorist actions, from the robbing of \$31.99 from a church bank drive to a threat to blow up an airline. Keable recommended that Quebec's Justice Minister Marc-Aurèle Bédard consider laying criminal charges against her police controller, Julien Giguère. But Keable's mandate did not permit recommendation of charges against non-police officers such as Duvault—although, states his report, "It must be accepted as obvious that many of the activities of Source 173 [Duvault's police informer code] were in themselves of an illegal nature. She is implicated in various ways in an attack against Bédard in the setting of a booth at the De Lorimier post office, in a theft from a bingo hall, in an extortion attempt at Dorval Airport and an attempted theft of dynamite."

Duvault's total remuneration as an infiltrator is unknown, but Keable's report reveals she once received a lump sum of \$50,000 for just two months' work, in addition to the \$50 Giguère paid her at each of their twice-weekly meetings. At the time, she was known to police as Prospera (Hilly) and to terrorists as Rachel, Suzanne or Séverine. Last year she edited herself Jeanne De Saklon when courted sexually by Toronto Globe and Mail's Quebec City columnist William Johnson, who introduced her as a dentist until the discovery was made by a journalist. In a subsequent magazine war, she was a toothache. Most recently, she changed the spelling of her name to De Vail,



Commissioner Keable (top, left) and Giguère (right) charges recommended



the byline she used for Globe and Mail articles about the October Crisis. She is married with Johnson, her five-in-law, of an as-yet-unpublished book on the FLQ kidnappings.

From November, 1978, to March, 1980, Duvault was paid \$508 a month by Keable's inquiry to turn informant against her erstwhile police employers. Keable discovered Duvault's role while investigating, at the behest of the Parti Québécois government, a separate series of alleged police crimes committed in 1979 and 1981. All but one of the operations, whose artists, Keable says,

should be charged under the Criminal Code, were the work of the FLQ.

- Distribution of a false FLQ constitution calling separatists to violence.
- Theft of dynamite
- Burning of a bus at Sainte-Anne-de-Rochelle belonging to a community of independentists
- The use of violence in attempts to recruit two informers.
- Surfeitious copying of computer tapes containing names of all Parti Québécois members
- Illegal break-in and the theft by three police forces of documents belonging to the Institut Agricole de Poisson Lafrance du Québec, the incident whose discovery prompted creation of the Keable inquiry and the federal McDonald Commission, which has not yet reported.

Though such direct, allegedly illegal attacks on pro-independence groups were Keable's original focus, his narrowing of Duvault changed the scope of investigations and Duvault's activities contained a larger share of the report than do the other wrongdoing. The woman's contact with the FLQ came at



the height of the October Crisis when, according to alleged terrorist Robert Cormier's testimony, she invited him to her apartment where they had met in a bar. Subsequently, she agreed to help his organization steal the daily money bag from her employer, Caled (Caledine). After a first, failed attempt, she went to police, and from November, 1978, to January, 1979, betrayed the terrorists while in the pay of police. But, Keable reports, she was, with police knowledge, an instigator or participant in several acts of terrorism, some of which contributed to public alarm in

1971 at the prospect of a resurgence of the FLQ. It was in Duvault's bathroom that a terrorist fabricated a Molotov cocktail which he then exploded against the armored doors of the Bank's Security Company Ltd. Duvault wrote the FLQ continued during responsibility. She helped make a "dynamite bomb" (knowing the sticks to be duds) and then—against secret police orders to stay away—attempted to light the fuse behind a Montreal post office.

Duvault recruited new, young members to the FLQ and, two weeks before Christmas, 1970, she strangled one young man into terrorist crime. He and three others were wanted to steal the proceeds of a bingo game from a church basement. All four were caught by police and, during testimony to the Keable inquiry, Duvault's police controller, Giguère, said she went "too far" in encouraging crime and should perhaps have been arrested. She also helped write a communist and supplied dynamite detonators in an attempt to extort \$500,000 from federal authorities by

Duvault No. 171 kept things hopping



detonating a bomb had been placed aboard a diverted train. Duvault also tried to steal dynamite from a quarry.

Keable concludes that Montreal police failed in their duty as protectors of public peace throughout the Duvault episode. "Far from preserving public order, their action had the effect of accentuating public confusion concerning the resurgence of terrorism after the 1970 October Crisis." Moreover, according to Keable's investigation, corruption had become so much a police operation that Capt. Giguère boasted: "In 1972, we were the FLQ."

## Gunning for a new Crow



Grave train and (inset) Crownest's statutory crows: broken homes, broken hearts and endless scrambled meals

The last of the "book shacks" has tumbled in the Crownest Pass. Later this year, the debris of the big brick house near the former town of Ennis, Alta., will be hauled under a new highway. But a few hundred bricks will survive. They have been gathered up by Helen Maxwell and Kathleen Kerr and are being sold, at \$5 each, as mementoes of the house that, from 1939 to 1946, was home to some of the protesters who once did brick houses in the Crownest Pass, CP Rail's southern route through the Rockies. The brothel was a little outside of town, a lot outside of the law and, says Maxwell, a school-teacher and long-term resident, its bricks are historic, "symbols of broken homes, broken hearts, broken virginity."

The bricks might just as well symbolize the broken words of almost a century's worth of Canadians who have tried to grapple with a transportation system that moved prostitutes well enough but isn't, today, moving grain with 20th-century efficiency. The problem of the Crownest Pass rail rates has split the federal cabinet, fractured western solidarity and is deepening the old song that claims the farmer and the woman can be friends. And while they all wait for some sort of consensus to emerge, Canadian grain exports are faltering as the world market grows.

Hundreds of farmers have been jettisoned to Ottawa this year to argue their proposals for "the Crow," but it was

hard-rock miners who started it all. By the 1920s, gold, silver, lead and zinc mining camps dotted new frontiers B.C. and if Canada didn't mine out the wealth Americans would. By 1927, the miners had arm-twisted Ottawa into striking a deal with Canadian Pacific—a new rail line for a hanger rate on grain.

The railway that carried miners, lumberjacks and fables of the night from Lethbridge, Alta., to Nelson, B.C., still snakes through the Crownest Pass. But if the grain, the cops and most of the mines are relics of the past, the Crownest freight rates still ensure that the railways are transporting grain at 1959 rates. That was the deal, in return for a \$14-million, railway-building subsidy. CP Rail agreed to let Ottawa fix certain rates forever. The 1959 rates for grain and flour were cemented at a half-cent a ton per mile and extended to all railways in the Railway Act of 1955.

According to legend, CP Rail didn't grow panicked about the Crow until the 1950s when a program was tried forcing Crow data into one of the country's first computers. The computer reported what head office executives in Montreal's Windsor Station had only suspected—CP Rail was losing money on the Crow. Inflation widened the "Crow gap" so that it now costs CP Rail and CN



these at six times more than what the railway is paid to move grain to the Lakehead, Vancouver, Prince Rupert and Churchill—an estimated \$335-million loss to the railways this year. Although the railways have lobbied for years to get off the Crow skewer, western farmers declared the Crow the Magna Carta of the Prairies, their prize for agreeing to enter Confederation. Only when the grain-handling system disintegrated into near chaos did farmers begin to listen to the railway's argument that service would continue to deteriorate as long as the Crow losses continued.

"That must be the year that the two strikes were largely self-inflicted on the 'Tidy Crow' for better service. But

mandated 300 members to Ottawa last week to drive home its demand that the Crow be retained as is and CP Rail (CN) be nationalized. But two other groups have finally come around to seeing the railway's argument. The Western Agricultural Conference (WAC), an umbrella group encompassing three Prairie wheat pools, provincial farm federations and the United Grain Growers, backed the Crow at an annual meeting in January 1985, and, during an all-night executive ball session in a Regina hotel room, came up with a proposal. The WAC solution would have the producer continue to pay the Crow rate while the railway's losses would be paid directly to them by the federal government. On the other

hand, the spill is due both to the different interests of different kinds of farmers and to their varying perceptions of what comes after Crow. Bill Marshall, second vice-president of the 75,000-member Saskatchewan Wheat Pool and a member of war, says if the Crow gap were paid directly to farmers, "we're concerned that it might be done away with down the road." If it were paid to the railways, the government could make it a stick to improve service. His outspoken supporter from Jack Lemax of Swan River, Man., president of the Manitoba Grains (rapeseed) Growers Association, a member of the WAC. "Joe Public would just attack it as another farmer subsidy. I think it should go directly to the railway," Ben Lemax falls into line with the Commodity Codebook on jettisoning the Crow rules. "The biggest problem is that they don't apply to everything [that's shipped] and so they distort the economy. They lead to discrimination against processing in the Prairies. Rapeseed comes under the Crow, but its refined products don't, so it's cheaper to ship the raw product east, refine it, then pay to have it shipped back. That's what we're fighting. We're looking at the long-term viability of western maize farming." In fact, the western soap-making and livestock industry has long blamed the declining fortunes on the Crow because it moves grain east cheaply, making it feasible to raise beef and hogs in Ontario and Quebec.

Meanwhile, the deadlock must be broken. Transport Minister Jean-Luc Pepin has tried to avert concerns by warning of future bottlenecks and freight rationing if the Crow is not settled. But even the federal cabinet isn't agreed. Senator Blaine Hargreaves, a western minister—in leading those opposed to change. Agriculture Minister Eugene Whelan was pro-change but now seems to be backing away.

By 1985, Canadian grain movements are expected to increase a whopping 50 per cent, but because of railway reluctance to invest in new rolling stock for such low-rate traffic, Ottawa, Alberta and Saskatchewan have already had to buy 14,000 bagper unit to help keep the grain rolling. So the stakes are high in doing about the Crow rate, farmers demanding change predict that all the country's freight costs will be taken up by potato, sulphur and coal—the profitable products. "What I'm afraid is going to happen," says the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool's Bill Marshall, "is that we'll have a whole bunch of ad hoc patches, a badge-patch again. Somebody will put a Band-Aid on here and another Band-Aid on there, and we won't end up with an adequate transportation policy that will move the increased demand."

—SUSANNE SWANSON



first, three brewing factions of farmers and three strongly silent western governments must agree on what changes to make. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau is leaving them to their own devices. He wouldn't, he said last month, have "the folly or the courage" to tangle with the Crow until the West was agreed.

The Prairie Farm Commodity Coalition (PFCC), author of one solution to the impasse, says "no one questions the crisis facing our grain industry, due almost entirely to our inability to move grain to export." The PFCC points out that Canada's share of the world grain market has shrunk to 18 per cent from 30 per cent early in the century. Wheat exports 50 years ago were double those of the U.S., now U.S. exports are double Canada's. Between 1970 and '78, the increase in U.S. corn and soybean exports was 750 million bushels, almost equal Canada's one-year export grain total. But if no one questions the need to improve the transportation system, tangle with the Crow is still tantamount to political suicide in some circles.

The National Farmers Union (NFU), a declining but still potent farm voice,



hand, the Commodity Coalition, including the Prairie Wheat Growers, the Canadian Cattlemen's Association and the rapeseed, barley and flax growers' associations, would have the producer pay the rate that covers the railway's costs, with the increase over the Crow paid back to farmers by Ottawa as a seeded acreage bonus.

Western governments are both split and silent. With an election looming, Manitoba won't say anything until Ottawa does. Alberta is in favor of changing the Crow but hasn't said specifically how Saskatchewan doesn't agree with any of the suggestions.

## WORLD

# The malcontent mistress

A U.S.-Saudi arms deal upsets the Israelis, 'even handed' means disaster

By Michael Posner

There was something almost pathetic about the recent visit of Yitzhak Shamir to Washington. The Israeli foreign minister, a tiny man with the cream of a good character actor, had come seeking assurances he did not really expect to receive. First, he wanted the Americans to push for resumption of the stalled Middle East autonomy talks, for even the slightest movement in this case would add to Prime Minister Menachem Begin's otherwise moribund reelection campaign. To this request, Alexander Haig, the secretary of state, reportedly said a word of answer.

And so Shamir proceeded to the second item of concern—the sale of additional 60 F-15 fighter planes scheduled for delivery next year to Saudi Arabia. Was Ronald Reagan, erstwhile friend and ally of Israel, plotting to sell equipment that would put Saudi jets

the U.S. agreed "to discuss" the sale of F-15's? Not that. That, of course, is diplomatic code for "We'll sell them when the heat is off." The state department's argument is that the F-15's accessories will force an ally whom they fear as a target of Soviet subversion. Without the equipment, officials believe, the royal House of Saud may be drawn into a wider Persian Gulf war than it is

U.S. The pro-Saudi decision hardly removes the risk, but it is seen as an encouraging sign—by Europe and the Arabs alike—that the Reagan White House is prepared to be "evenhanded" in its treatment of the Middle East.

For the Israelis, evenhanded is a synonym for disaster. The compensation offered—a \$600-million long-term loan to buy up to 15 more F-15s, and permis-



Shamir (far left) meets Haig. F-15 Eagle as 'evenhanded' policy means disaster

about the contract from Tel Aviv? Haig confirmed the U.S. intention to provide anti-air missiles and auxiliary fuel tanks, but said Israel, like a mistress whose charms have not been entirely forgotten, would be recognized handsomely—with more F-15s of its own and permission to export Israeli Rikgva Shamir thus returned to Jerusalem disappointed.

Last week, the White House made it official—and worse. In addition to fuel tanks, six-20. Saladin missiles, airborne refueling equipment (at a later date) and early-warning radar planes, experts of survivors, at least winning. Let's assume, but no less a consideration, is the recovery of billions of U.S. petrodollars that the sale represents. Stripped, each F-15 is worth about \$50 million.

soon to sell Kfir abroad—is considered inadequate. At 12-per-cent interest, the loan simply represents an exchange of paper, as foreign aid previously committed to Jerusalem is used to make interest payments. Moreover, while Beirut may be free to sell Kfir jets to Brunei, Korea and Taiwan, the more right to do so contributes nothing to the balance of payments equation. And Israel will face stiff American objections to these marketplace.

From Tel Aviv's point of view, the Saudi agreement is the shot of the next round in a Middle East arms race, which Israeli feels the monetary means to win. Yet the Israelis are resigned. Although there is talk of a resolution of disagreement being introduced in Congress, the odds of success are remote.

What Israel will fight for, however, are more favorable terms—cancellation of some existing debt or a reduced rate of interest, and for an early-warning satellite system of their own. Israel can scarcely afford to build a satellite and the U.S. has never agreed to sell on to



## Great Britain

### Point of departure

Former Labour prime minister Jim Callaghan was derisive. "It isn't a split, it's a splinter," he said at a Washington discussion group last week. If Britain's new Social Democrats had any future, they could not expect electoral success "until the 21st century." Nevertheless, last week's walkout by 19 Labour MPs, with the promise that they would launch their new party by Easter, marked the biggest breakaway in British politics for 50 years.

The Social Democrats were already the third-largest group in British politics, and if their members pulled against those of the Conservatives (CMT MP) and Michael Foot's 200 Labour faithful, including Callaghan, they had already formed a cumulative coalition.

Rodgers, Gwent, Williams, Jenkins leading the biggest breakaway in 50 years

Conservative (top) Selsky by all the back-stage manoeuvres will come to a head

another country, but Pentagon and Israeli military experts have already held preliminary talks. Presumably, there will be more talk in private about this in the months ahead, perhaps even during Iraq's four-country swing through the region next month.

Beyond the F-15 question, officials believe the Middle East debate will be fairly quiet—at least until the Israeli elections (June 30) are past. A state department review of Near Eastern policy is now under way, and the new Israeli government—likely to be a Labour-led coalition—will need a period of grace to forge its own agreements. By the fall, however, all of the diplomatic backstage manoeuvres may come to a head. Lord Carrington's European Initiative—a proposal to the Palestinians, analogous to the Israelis—will then claim the spotlight. That gives the Republicans about nine months to iron out the policy kinks and to persuade Anwar Sadat and the House of Saud—their key players—that the Camp David Accord is workable.

Public speeches notwithstanding, it is a green in Washington that Europe and the U.S. will clash over whose promise is the better guarantee of peace and which plan best assures the continued flow of oil. For this drama, the principal actors are now going into rehearsal. Opening night will be something to watch. ☐



to work with the 11 Liberals. Latest opinion soundings suggested that a two-party pact, or perhaps at the next election, they might win it by a narrow margin. A poll in *The Times* gave such an alliance 30 per cent of the vote, with Labour taking 27 per cent and the Conservatives 21 per cent. Even if the Liberals and Social Democrats fought separately, the poll predicted that they would win 26 and 20 per cent of the vote respectively, enough to build a strong coalition against Labour (21 per cent) and the Tories, with a moderate 20, it was as surprising that the new party, though small, was being taken very seriously by its larger rivals. Iron-

only, although all the rebel stars (as far, anyway) came from the Labour party, it looked as though their support would come more from conservative voters disillusioned by the tough monetary policies of the Thatcher government.

Early enthusiasm notwithstanding, the new party faced some formidable hurdles. The British parliamentary system is notoriously unforgiving to rebels. From the late Sir Oswald Mosley, who described a leading position in the Labour party before the war to vanish with his Fascists into obscurity, to more recent examples: former Conservative minister Enoch Powell, saw a humble Ulster W, and Labour rebel of the 1950s Dick Tavener, a man with similar leanings to today's Social Democrats, who has disappeared with his fellow dissidents Eddie Milne and Eddie Griffiths from the political scene.

Moreover, the Social Democrats had yet to choose a leader, and this seemed likely to prove a divisive issue. Of the four finalists, Roy Jenkins' reputation as a talent socialist seemed to rule him out, but former foreign secretary David Owen, the communications former education minister Shirley Williams and the man who has been most involved in engineering the breakaway, former transport minister William Rodgers, all had strong claims to the job. Then there was the little matter of hereditary peerage.

So far, it seemed, the Social Democrats' negative attitudes—opposition to the "East European socialism" of Labour's extremists and to Thatcher's mantras—had struck a chord with the electorate. But while there were enough to attract more than 25,000 letters of support within two days, the issues of the past remained hot at general elections voters are more concerned with what a party stands for—and its chances of actually putting them policies into practice.

—CHRISTOPHER DUNKLEY

## France

### Life in the fast-food lane

On his way to the grillstone, Louis XVI fell down to his knees, left a chicken and two glasses of white wine on the table and died. In the end, he went on to lose his head, but the French Revolution never succeeded in tempering with. Not quite 200 years later, much of the country still grinds to a halt for three hours a day to partake of a three-course lunch.

Given such dedication to the table, gastronomic pedants have long prob-



Inside and outside views: beating back the fast-food invasion from America

pushed the possibility of another American-inspired revolution: sweeping France—the Big Mac grabbed on the way. But in the nine years since the first set of golden arches opened over the Avenue de Charles de Gaulle, the French have nibbled up not only "hamburgers," but the whole Yankee fast-food craze, with a gusto that has left gastronomes with heartburn over the national loss of face.

No longer, however, are they taking the harassment with their forks down. As the latest issue of the "restaurant rapide" says, the French are fighting back with home-baked ammunition—facing off against the Wings and Mc hamburger with the national claim to industry fame, the croissant. In less than a year, more than two billion dozens of self-styled "Croissanteries" have sprouted up along the country's most congested sidewalks, from the foot of Paris' premiere tourist attraction, the Pompidou Centre for the Arts (which now boasts nine Croissanteries within a four-block radius), to the harbor of Marseilles. Last week, the latest popped open its ovens in a Paris suburb, and this week the first Croissanterie is set to invade the Alsace seaport stronghold of Strasbourg.

While a McDonald's spokesman insisted that the assembly-line croissant isn't yet regarded as a threat, the did admit that they were watching developments. They scarcely need to look too far. On the Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, a Croissanterie's street sign just four doors down from a set of golden arches, the better to compete for the fumes of the grill sits in the nearby Palace d'Orsay. In any case, it's difficult to tell one near-drenched counter from another. The only sign that sets Croissanteries apart from a hamburger joint are the fluorescent picture menus on



the wall. These—instead of oversized steel kettles and fries—feature glistening tableaux of griddled puff pastry in a range of permutations and combinations calculated to set off old-time croissanters exploding over his yeast. Aside from the traditional horrible croissant as heave, or one for 40 cents, there are 15-20 briochees stuffed with everything from roast beef, tomatoes and sprouts to mushrooms, or griddled up in seas of almond-flecked chocolate sauce and baked around white buns.

Originally the brainchild of a mass-market baker named Jean Luc Petit, who launched his first Croissanterie in Paris last spring and now boasts seven other outlets, the croissant craze has attracted scores of imitators. The most celebrated is ready-to-wear designer Michel Aron, who opened his first Croissanterie in Paris last spring. He is the American fast food. So Aron's croissant is a bit like a hamburger joint. The same is true of the deputy chief of the Iranian armed forces, Gen. Vahidollah Fallahi, for a croissant followed immediately by the "unconditional exit of the aggressive forces." Both statements represented a sharp pivot from Iran's previous position that neither a ceasefire nor negotia-

tion allowed to stand in the way of profit. Last week, Aron reported the croissant war to foreign territory by opening his first Croissanterie in London. His plans center on New York's 42nd Street in April.

Canada is scheduled to get its first taste of the croissant empire next June when Croissant and Co opens in Toronto. In fact, as Aron found, foreigners are overlooking the Croissanterie with more enthusiasm than the French, despite its factory-made frozen supplies. His London shop now serves up 500 more croissants a day than the 450 he bakes daily in Paris. The reason, says Petit, is that "the English are accustomed to fast food. In fact, the Paul-Louis Thomas of Croissant and Co. insists "France is potentially an enormous fast-food market, but the country is going to have to change its habits a lot before it really explodes here. What can you do, in most of the present croissant, is to eat it in 15 seconds, half a day for lunch." Even in traffic-laden, it seems, the fast croissant revolution could turn out to be a slow process.

—MARK McDONALD

## Iran

### Waiting for the ayatollah

As they descended from their chartered Saab 900s at Tehran's Mehrabad airport, they seemed the most unassuming of peace missions, an unwelcome assemblage of croissants and foreign military advisers, even a common language. Yet last week, after shuffling between Iran and Iraq, the eight-man delegation from Islamic nations succeeded, if only temporarily, in raising hopes for a breakthrough in settling the six-month-long war between Iran and Iraq.

Speculation that the warring states were prepared to negotiate a peace had mounted early in the week following the mission's initial one-day stopovers in Tehran and Baghdad. Statements from both sides indicated a meeting of peace talks. Iranian President Abolhasan Bani-Sadr hinted in an interview that if Iraq withdrew its troops, Iran might be willing to subject the question over the Shatt al-Arab waterway and other border areas to international arbitration. The news came at a time when the deputy chief of the Iranian armed forces, Gen. Vahidollah Fallahi, for a croissant followed immediately by the "unconditional exit of the aggressive forces." Both statements represented a sharp pivot from Iran's previous position that neither a ceasefire nor negotia-



Basil Sadr, minister member Yasser Arafat, cautious moves forward, a row back

tions could be considered until every Iraqi soldier had left its soil. From Baghdad came hints that President Saddam Hussein, too, was ready to talk. A ceasefire was to his liking, he said, adding less generously that Iran must first agree to Iraqi sovereignty over the Shatt al Arab, Iraq's outlet to the sea.

But no sooner had the delegation made public its peace proposal—for a ceasefire on March 12 followed by a withdrawal of Iraqi troops and the creation of a neutral zone to settle the dispute—than Basil Sadr did some furious backpedaling. The ceasefire and an Iraqi withdrawal must be simultaneous, he declared, adding that Iran would never relinquish control over the half of the Shatt al Arab given it in a 1975 treaty with Hussein.

Hopes that this setback might only be temporary rested on a growing recognition by both sides that the conference table was the best place to settle these differences. In Iraq the raging war was increasingly unpopular, even among the armed forces upon whose Hussein's regime depended. On the other side, Iran had not been able to obtain the large quantities of American and British military spare parts and ammunition needed to launch an offensive. Both country's of resources had suffered greatly. Indeed, it seemed Basil Sadr had only backed off to avoid being outmaneuvered by his fundamentalist opponents in the Islamic Republic Party (IRP), who oppose a compromise.

At week's end, the man who could settle the war and peace issue, Ayatollah

Ruhollah Khomeini, continued to sit ominously on the fence. But there were signs that Basil Sadr's patience was wearing thin. As he addressed a rally at week's end, Basil Sadr was flanked by a group of top supporters shouting "Death to Basideh!" The president asked the crowd to deal with them. They did—the hecklers were badly beaten before being handed over to police. —*IAN MCKENZIE*

## Argentina

### The White House turns a blind eye

For more than a month, the Ford Palace had been parked day and night below the third-floor Buenos Aires apartment of Dr. Emilio Nizkor, president of the Centre for Legal and Social Studies (CELSA), a human rights organization. The car's occupants, who claimed to be police, had questioned the janitor on Nizkor's comings and goings, and unsolicited phone calls had threatened the human rights spokesman with death. Then, on Feb. 21, the police raided the CELSA offices, seized files about 6,000

the raid, as well as those on two similar organizations. In 1976, was to crush the human rights movement in Argentina. It was thought that he and his right members of the state security agency were encouraged to make their move by the declared intention of President Ronald Reagan's administration to pay little or no attention to human rights offenses. An Argentine diplomat put it, the hard-liners viewed the change in American policy "as a hunting license." And sure enough, last week, the U.S. state department refused public comment on the arrests.

Despite the U.S. silence, interpreted in Buenos Aires at worst, there were doubts that the human rights leaders would be deterred. Nizkor is a case in point. A right-of-center nationalist, he became involved in human rights work five years ago when his 24-year-old daughter, Monica, a devout Catholic working among slum children, was taken from the family apartment by armed men. Monica never returned and the authorities denied all knowledge of the arrest.

In trying unsuccessfully to find his daughter, Nizkor claims to have discovered proof that at least 20,000 people have been abducted and disposed of by the security forces since a military coup replaced Isabel Peron with menemian



Viola (above) and Nizkor: claims that 20,000 have disappeared

missing persons and arrested Nizkor, another human rights leader, José Weisberg, and seven people found on the grounds.

Last week, after being held inconspicuously for six days, Nizkor and five fellow officials—three other detainees were released—were charged with possessing maps of secret military camps, an offense carrying a sentence of six months to two years. Clearly, the aim of Judge Martin Amato, who ordered

Jorge Viola in 1976. Last year Nizkor founded CELSA, and the day before his arrest he had appeared in court to accuse the security forces of complicity in the disappearance of 300 persons. At week's end, however, the detention of the six was ended after Gen. Roberto Viola—due to take over as president on March 29—asked for their release. But the charges against them were not dropped, leaving a question about their future. —*ROBERT COX*



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# A city of silent playgrounds

Atlanta loses its twentieth child and the killer is still at large



By Lawrence O'Toole

Arthur Owens, a school principal in the impoverished southeast area of Atlanta, was visiting the parents of one of his pupils. Outside the house a girl was roller-skating, clapping her knees, her head bowed down for a while. He said, "Hello." "I don't speak to strangers," she replied, before looking up and recognizing him. She lives in Atlanta's southeast, a broad, flatland by last Friday's discovery of the 20th victim's body in a suburban river. Once again the dead child was black, street-smart, poor and in the same age category as the 19 other children who have been murdered over the past 18 months in one of the most heinous mass crimes in U.S. history.

Police and the special task force are up to head the investigation here, or are trying. They have, hardly any close to the identity of the killer, or killers. Only guesses of fate, possibly from a blanket or carpet, found in the clothing of six of the victims after a case of the most heinous sort. As a result, besieged by fear, Atlanta has become, in the victim's eyes, a children's center of southern superstition and metropolitan anxiety. On the streets, kids clutch the hands of wary adults or walk around in groups for protection, for four months a 1 p.m. curfew forbidding these under-14s to travel alone has been in effect; playgrounds seem like eddies of danger

the city \$160,000 a week. President Reagan's allocation last week of nearly \$1 million for social and mental-health programs doesn't help this particular predicament.

Atlantans have tried everything, from psychics to listening to those who claim to have had telling religious visions. They have tried flying helicopters over the city's more remote areas, as well as a computerized telephone message to 150,000 residents asking for clues. This week, Betty Davis Jr., Frank Strause and Bert Reynolds will take part in a concert to raise more money for the investigation, and donations have been pouring in from all over the country. Yet none of this seems likely soon to put ebullient young life back on Atlanta's streets. "After school," says Gene Chandler, principal of John B. Gordon School, "they all vanish." Says Daniel H. Stanton's Goodwills Georgia: "They don't take anything for granted anymore. If they see a stranger in a car, they run and tell



Searching for the missing relatives at victim's funeral, a haircut man cries

times—races of his. The enormous Drew Center, with its shorn, arched windows and gleaming risks, formerly a haven for kids between the ages of, say, 7 and 15, is now virtually deserted, a dead Disneyland in the city's core. That's where one of the latest victims, 11-year-old Patrick Bateman, disappeared. Like some other victims, his death was due to "poetic asphyxiation." Called in by city officials under fire from an increasingly despairing public—the pit has started by trying to sketch the killer's description.

Noyce Maynard Jackson, at the end of his second four-year term, has become haunted by the need to transmute the terror. But the investigation roots

on. At Stanton, where one of the murdered children attended class, you can hear them talking about the events in the cafeteria. "Even the little ones know about it," says George. "They know this is the area where the villain strikes." Parents, many of them working long hours every day, make a point of picking up their children after school, or else call the police to make sure their child is safe. As for the children, there have been many reports of nightmares, bed-wetting and an increased distrust of everyone and anything.

"It's a psychological price for kids," says one elementary school principal, and most teachers agree that the long-range effects may be devastating. Jerry

Davis, an Atlanta clinical psychologist, disagrees with such speculation. "There's a heightened sense of fear and insecurity, surely. The child is more isolated and so in the family. But there's no adverse effect, too the community is coming closer together and children are receiving the message of, 'Hey, we care about you.'" For the present, though, they've had their children taken away from them. "If so said," says Rhonda Beatty, an Omaha state manager. "I live in a middle-class area, but I haven't seen my kids and perhaps play outside in ages. That's no way to be a child."

Until the killer is found, Atlanta will remain a city without laughter. Theories abound the killer has multiple personalities, is black, white, male, female, a police force agent, a teacher, another teenager. Some even speculate that a family similar series of seven murders of elderly white women, three years ago in Columbia, about 100 km away, is connected to the recent crimes. That killer, too, has not been found. But talk is cheap, and nowadays Atlanta is wary a funny, confusing, almost hollow sound. □



Robert: his most visible kiddy burden

district Attorney Eric Warner, is charge of the juvenile offense department. "Now we get murder, arson, robbery and rape. It's a different world out there."

In an attempt to curb the city's misbehavior, New York Police Commissioner Robert McGuire last week announced the formation of a special 100-man military squad. Law officers must, however, that publicity may be guilty of creating crime waves. "Once you get enormous headlines on a story, you can create a crime wave just like that, whatever the statistics are," says Sgt. Gerard Simpson of the New York City police department's Crime Analysis Unit. "If this nine-year-old had just stuck up somebody in a school yard instead of in a bank, it would have been business as usual around here."

—Erika Christensen

## It's kid stuff

A four feet, five inches, the gunman was so short that security cameras, trained on the teller's window, caught only the top of his head. So nine-year-old Robert (his last name was withheld to conform with local juvenile laws) was able to take \$150 with him as he walked out of the window. Back to back and into the second bookie at the United States' youngest-ever bank robber. After blowing past his host on a moose tail, hamburger and fries, and a movie (Prince Bogam, with David Hasselhoff), Robert proceeded to surrender, and his lawyer Mel Sachs, at the instance of his father and grandfather.

Last week, as Robert pleaded not guilty to charges of armed robbery, his lawyer served to highlight New York City's current child-exploitation in a manner not entirely welcome to the authorities. In the Bronx, 25 youngsters under 16 have been responsible for 27 murders since 1975. Despite a tough three-year-old law allowing parents of children over the age of 14 to sue their adult (rather than juvenile) courts, more than 12,000 youths under 16 were arrested last year. A total of 1,069 criminal charges were laid against youngsters between the ages of 7 and 12, and an astonishing 967 minors were in New York's 18 "People used to think of juvenile delinquents as people who stole bicycles, cars, maybe, or terrorized the school yard," says Bronx Assistant Dis-

trict Attorney Eric Warner, is charge of the juvenile offense department. "Now we get murder, arson, robbery and rape. It's a different world out there."



Robert: how would he treat an enemy?

trict Attorney Eric Warner, is charge of the juvenile offense department. "Now we get murder, arson, robbery and rape. It's a different world out there."

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## Fishy beginnings

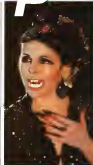
For a trip that promised not much more than a long ride and a shake, the media and photo opportunities—the news and light of Ottawa threatened last week to become something of an international flap. The president and his men had been full of raw rhetoric about Canada, but their men on the eve of Reagan's first presidential trip abroad struck quite a different note.

In fact, the problems had begun even before the inauguration when National Security Advisor Richard Albritton—architect of the new anti-communist Accord nation—insured Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau (like Mexico's President José Lopez Portillo) would gladly make

himself available for an early chat with Reagan. The visit declined to do so and the meeting was postponed. In the weeks since, the Americans have been breaking up on Canadian issues and the media have not been encouraging. The companies resent Canada's National Energy Program (NEP) and their jobs have been leaning heavily on the administration. That's why, it's claimed—the U.S. embassy in Ottawa issued a sharp note of protest about the impact of the NEP on American investment. Ottawa fully expected that reaction, but it was caught out by the White House's proposed resolution of the long-standing East Coast fishing and boundary disputes. In a letter to Charles Percy, chairman of the Senate's foreign relations committee, Reagan controversially withdrew the fishing portion of the trustees, declaring, "It is clear that [it] would not be fulfilled in a form acceptable to Canada." He added that the other part of the agreement—dealing with the coast boundary between New England and the Maritimes—be sent to

—M.P.

**I**f an author sells 3,000 copies of a hard-cover book in Canada, it's a best seller. So it came as quite a shock to children's book author Barbara Smucker when she learned that her 1971 book *Underground in Canada* had sold 75,000 copies after six months on the stands in Japan. "Apparently, Japanese children don't like to borrow books, they like to own them," says the 64-year-old Menominee author, who works part-time as a librarian in Waterloo, Ont. Recently, the Japanese overseas. Smucker has flying her to Japan for a children's story contest which drew three million entries, many of which were about her story of two youngsters' fight from slavery, *Underground in America*. In Canada in the 1850s. The Japanese seem to like the happy endings and stories with historical settings in North America," explains Smucker, who spent her



Smucker, awarded by the Japanese Light time to Japan looking up on another Japanese best seller—Anne of Green Gables.

"Curious again," laughed Margaret Trudeau. "Oh boy!" With diving trunks, the country's most famous extrajuridical wife was ready to meet the Ottawa press. Only moments before, Pierre Trudeau had accented the same cheer, entertaining "astrophysical questions." It was a reporter's dream, but in fact the flashing blue eyes of "Maggie" and the daffodil straps of "Pierre" were the work of actress Linda Griffiths, whose one-person da-personality show, *Maggie and Pierre*, has finally arrived in Ottawa after playing across Canada. Despite critical acclaim, the play was not accepted at the National Arts Centre Festival, it opened at the 1,000-seat auditorium of the Ottawa Trifolium High School. "It's a very schlocky opera show, but I've found a way to



New wave ballerina Seymour (left) and Griffiths in Ottawa. 'Schlocky' opera show.

deal with it," says Griffiths. The actress' control has affected her Maggie persona, and she admits it is "getting a little sweeter as I grow older." The Pierre personality, however, retains a certain juvenile wit. Speaking confidently at his meeting this week with U.S. President Ronald Reagan, Trudeau-Griffiths confessed "I hope to meet with him as equals. I find actors to be excellent politicians."

The metropolitan of Alberta-born ballerina Lynn Seymour was recently unveiled on British television

Seymour, who resided from the Royal Ballet earlier this year, has achieved hits and *Peter Tscholkovsky* in favor of fangs and the music of new-wave band *The Famous Goochies* (belong). "It was not a sudden transformation," insists the often capricious dancer. "My friends have been aware that I have been moving in this direction for years." If her friends have been acquiescent, the British press has been wary about the change. Appearing last year with the flying *Uganda*, she was described by one wag as a "dancer riding around the floor dressed in a trench coat and dark glasses." But Seymour is undaunted in her plans to form her own company and has no qualms about abandoning the subliminal of ballet for the rawness of punk. In a very exposing pose, she asserts "I am foremost an artist in search of creative freedom."



Edmonton music teacher Jim Hagan (this is he) can save George Harrison \$207,800. In 1970, a U.S. court ruled that Harrison had unintentionally copied the melody of *The Beatles'* 1963 classic *Hey! Ho! Ho! Ho!* in his 1971 hit *My Sweet Lord*. The order pay for the plagiarizing was announced last week, and Hagan immediately contacted Harrison's lawyers. Hagan contends that the original melody was "made on the most superficial kind of comparison." He is coming to the rescue with a computer he claims can provide a visual graph of musical material called a "sine-graph." According to Hagan's study of the two songs, they have very little in

common. "There's just one fragment which is similar—and that's in 50 or 50 other songs," he points out. "Whoever holds the rights to *Chopsticks* could just as easily sue."

"It is better to forever pursue the creative side than to end up with some group." So says comic *Shelle Gotsick*, 21, who speaks as the simplicité earthbound representative of Major Cult Figure *Quitted* in a white suit, which she describes as "somewhere between surreal dental student and a cold-war Afro-Cubanist suit." Gotsick creates such cult aphorisms as, "It is wrong for fat people to tell us they are big-headed" and "You are not famous because you have not been dead long enough." Gotsick hopes to take her Major Cult Figure show off the Toronto comedy-circuit circuit and across Canada, and in the meantime she's concentrating on the fine art of constructing one-liners worthy of New York's arch-critic *Frank Lubovitch*. "We must live every day as our last," declares Gotsick. "Laugh a lot and lay around thinking up snappy last words."

The new bird-watching capital of Canada could well become Grandville and Hastings, deep in the heart of Vancouver's financial district. It seems a new peregrine falcon, dubbed *Jeanette*, has mistaken the 16-story Royal Bank of Canada building for a cliff on the Queen Charlotte Islands. All this is well and good for nature lovers, but *Jeanette's* unimpaired eating habits tend to disturb the concentration of the financial community. Like all falcons, the peregrine preys on other birds, swooping down on pigeons, ducks, swallows and the like, snapping the neck and leaving the body home in her beak. *How Jeanette*, assistant manager of the Royal Bank next site, sums up the problem: "Some of our tenants would be conducting a meeting and look out the window as a half-decomposed seagull hits the window ledge."

In the wake of last fall's federal budget, Ottawa would seem to have heard quite enough from *John A. Maclean* and *Jim Gray*, co-founders of the Calgary-based Canadian Hunter Revolution Ltd. But if Ottawa hasn't listened to the self-appointed spokesmen for the oil industry, people from New Orleans to Anchorage are burning up the telephone lines in Calgary to get their hands on Masters' first outing as an author. Since starting *Canadian Hunter* in 1974, Masters has been a "philosophy 101" of ideas and perceptions he has had. The company's success prompted Masters to write down the



Comic Gotsick (top) and oil industry author Masters' rapping a way ball.

page-to-riches saga for friends and employees. But so many other people demanded copies of *The Hunters* that Masters decided to issue it in paperback and sell it at \$9.95 through a Calgary bookstore. The Sandpaper Telephone call from all over North America have brought up most of the 10,000 3,500 preorders, prompting talks of a second printing. *The Hunters* is a little bit of autobiography, some corporate history and a lot of Masters' own aphorisms. One, from 1974, must ring a very bell

with Masters after his shoving match with Ottawa. "The best way to manage an oil company is to find a lot of oil and gas. The rest of the problems have a way of sorting themselves out."

For unemployed scholar *Joan Halberstadt*, it was public or perish by publishing when he announced the most unpalatable news that, at best, *Thomas Wolfe* only created his last three novels. Flowing through Wolfe's papers at Harvard's Houghton Library, Halberstadt, 38, discovered that where Wolfe died in 1938, he left his editor, *Kenneth C. Arnold*, with a 4,500-page rough draft of an epic. From this, Arnold fashioned not one but three separate novels, including Wolfe's renowned *You Can't Go Home Again*. "It's perhaps a case of editorial misprudence unprecedented in American literary history," says Halberstadt, who unearthed the scam. He had received access to the papers only by promising not to publish without permission. With permission denied, the scholar began losing academic credibility, but finally published his discovery in a recent *Yale Review*. "For breaking the rules I've been banned for one year from the Houghton Library where the work I could do would be done," he says. "I'm like a doctor who can no longer get into the hospital."

The idea of something called the Dead Sea Canal Corporation might seem fanciful, but the eight members of the board of the new corporation take the project very seriously. Chairman *Alvin S. Rosenberg* is a prominent lawyer, engineer and chairman emeritus of Mount Sinai Hospital in Toronto. Board members include *Samuel Halberstadt*, president of First City Trust; *Victor Chas. director of United Cellular Bank*; *Jack L. Cummings*, former director of Trizec Corporation; *Philip Grossman*, chairman of Atlantic Packaging Products Ltd.; *Saul Kahan*, chairman of Bosc Lumber Ltd. and a director of Shoppers Warehouse; *Murray Koffler*, chairman of Koffler Stores of Canada and Shoppers Drug Mart U.S.A.; and *Ray Wada*, chairman of the Okanagan Group Ltd. food wholesalers. This impressive group has banded together to determine the hydroelectric possibilities involving channeling billions of cubic metres of water from the Mediterranean 100 km to the Dead Sea, which at 805 metres below sea level is the lowest point on earth. If the project is deemed feasible, its benefits could include agriculture in the Jordan-Golan Heights region, the "Eden" according to the biblicalist Rosenberg.

—EDITED BY MARILYN BOUTON





broken and I reached in and turned off the radio which was still blaring away."

The physical shock was considerable, but Podhorski's psyche also received a jolt. Andrizej Kosiol, director of the Canadian Alpine Ski Program, said before Thursday's race: "Steve has been through a lot of things recently and it could be that we don't have the real boy here. I know he will give it all he has, but you have to wonder."

Winning slightly, Podhorski said "I'm still quite sore through my upper back and neck and have difficulty

holding my head in the tuck position. But I won't see that as an excuse. It's just another thing I have to deal with." When he finished his run Thursday Podhorski slumped to a halt, threw his ski poles away in disgust, wrapped his arms around his chest and bent down staring at his skis. His time was dismal, 39th best. Weisnauer had finished second and was now ahead on the one of the final race.

"No, no, I feel fine," Podhorski said at the mountain base, avoiding once again the solace of the car accident excuse and in the next breath finally revealing the

intensity of his quest. "I tried too hard, I just tried to go too fast. I cut into the first gate too sharply, about six inches, and couldn't recover. Now I have to win tomorrow."

After rising at 4 a.m. Podhorski looked out, and as he recalled later: "I felt born again." The predicted storm had not materialized. His bad dream the first starting position for the last race, now snow would have slowed the course for early skiers and given later starters—including Weisnauer at 14th—an advantage. Said Podhorski: "I knew the course would be hard and fast and I thought I might be able to do something." What he did was script one of the most dramatic races in World Cup history.

In the brilliant sunshine high above the lofty slopes of Aspen, Podhorski jolted out of the starting gate. He corrected his folly of the previous day ("I'll have to take my cuts by about six million seconds," he had not entirely. "Did I ever have trouble at Afton [a turn high on the mountain] I crossed my skis right up and above them apart." Yet his intermediate time was 1:19.7, fully 1.58 seconds faster than the previous day. As he bodied across the finish line, he was 1.86 seconds better and 66/100ths of a second faster than Thursday's winner, Valery Tregubov of the Soviet Union. Podhorski did not discard his poles, nor stare downward. He glided gently off to the side of the finish area, calmly removed his helmet and gloves, looked up the mountain—and waited. Having rest aside the pain and pressure he had done what only the dreamers hoped he could do, and now he could do no more.

The voice of the announcer at the finish line echoed the names of his rivals, legends and future stars—Klaassen, Mueller, Grimsrud, Weinberger—and their intermediate times. None had captured the upper fans as quickly as Podhorski nor tumbled through the finish threatening his 1:22.9 time. Then the announcer said, "Weisnauer is on the course." As Podhorski waited, Weinberger's intermediate time rang out: "1:49.6." 6/100ths of a second slower than Podhorski. Weinberger had been told Podhorski's time before he started. "It made me very nervous," he said after. Knowing that Podhorski had sliced the difficult lower half of the course extremely well, Weinberger had to pick up time there.

He finished across the finish line and left exhausted. His time was announced. Podhorski gathered his poles, skied over, shook the World Cup champion's hand and the two friends smiled and embraced.

"Oh, it's a beautiful finish. One of these storybook things," Podhorski said. Then he blinked. ☐

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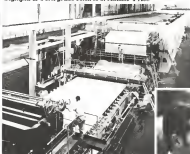


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## BUSINESS

# The forest primeval and the skyscrapers

Olympia & York grabs control of Abitibi-Price



By Anthony Whittingham

So he was one of the big ones—the kind that usually get away, starting back out from the cool shadows after being off the beat and spitting out the hook. Abitibi-Price was a tough, wily old toad—the kind of company that knew how to look after itself and had the scars of many years to prove it. So it was surprising that the end came as it did—that mighty Abitibi was captured last week with so little fight, so quietly, so deftly, and by an angler with such unexpected skill. The \$500-million takeover of Abitibi-Price Inc. by Olympia & York Investments Ltd. (OYI)—the world's largest newspaper manufacturer swallowed up by what may be the world's largest real estate developer, both based in Toronto—seemed a bit like the world turning upside down. "It's one of traditional Canadian wealth and resources," says Vernon Schwartz, vice-president of the Bank of Montreal, a senior banker close to Olympia, "it wasn't so long ago that you'd expect Abitibi to be doing the takeover, not the other way around. That's how much things are changing."

It took five weeks of bids and counter-

**Abitibi paper mill  
receives another  
about face. OYI  
acrimoniously avoiding  
Abitibi public consent**

bids for OYI to win a total of 88 per cent of Abitibi at \$32 a share, and it involved counter-bids by three of Canada's richest families—but it never really became a "war." Even though, as insiders acknowledge, Abitibi management and directors had no wish to see their company taken over by a single outside investor, there were no protracted legal battles, no hostile public relations campaigns, no dramatic blockades set up to interfere with the bidding or free movement of shares. Abitibi Chairman Thomas Bell, well-known in the business community for his gruff manner and his negative news about unexcused take-overs, surprisingly avoided hostile conduct in public throughout the affair. Abitibi directors duly deliberated over each bid on behalf of shareholders, recommending first one, then another, as the bids improved. Those families of huge wealth—the Patlys of Montreal, owners of the Patco Ltd. shipping empire, the Thomsons of Toronto, leaders

of newspaper, retailing and natural resources, and the Bechmans of Toronto, owners of Olympia and other interests (see box)—jostled for the bidding, but there was no nearly scrapping. Even the "white knight" engineered to counter Olympia's bid—a joint offer by Thomson and the Na-West Group Ltd., a Calgary development and resources company, to purchase 40 per cent of Abitibi—let its offer speak for itself and then faded, without additional recourse to secret share purchases.

It was, in short, completely opposite to last summer's now famous Royal Trusts Ltd. takeover war, during which the trust company and its corporate friends went to great lengths to repel a take-over bid by Ottawa developer Carpage Corp. "I think it's precisely because of Royal Trust that the Abitibi take-over went the way it did," says Duff Scott, executive vice-president of Greenfield Inc., the investment house close to the centre of both the Royal Trusts and Abitibi affairs. "There were a lot of unpleasant lessons learned from the last experience with

everyone was unapologetically avoiding this time." It was almost as if Abitibi didn't dare fight back.

For two instances in particular—Greenfield's rise and the Toronto law firm of Daines Ward & Beck—the link between Royal Trusts and Abitibi was fraught with special irony. During the Royal Trusts affair, Greenfield took rank with other "establishment" brokerage houses to represent Carpage, the raiding company. During the Abitibi take-over war, however, Greenfield played the key role on the opposite side, in effect helping Abitibi with the "defense." It was Greenfield that had brought in West Park Timber Company Ltd. to be a conciliatory shareholder two years ago when Abitibi was threatened by a dissident shareholder's revolt led by Andrew Surles and Maurice Strong, a rumored take-over attempt that Abitibi crushed with vengeance. Greenfield's staged its agent to engineer Fedra's gradual pur-





Albitz Chairman Ron swallowed up

class of Albitz shares starting last fall, and, later when this investment was threatened by O&Y's led, brothers Thomson and Nu-West together for their joint offer. According to secret rumors, Greenshield approached more than two dozen companies—ranging from Dome Mines Ltd. to Noranda Mines Ltd. to Briscoe Ltd. — to see about a public takeover for Albitz, but only Thomson and Nu-West were interested. Albitz's official financial adviser, Wood Gandy Ltd., meanwhile approached the Seagram Co. in New York on Albitz's behalf, with no luck.

For Davon Ward & Beck, the relationship went in reverse. A key organizer of the Royal Trustee "defense," the law firm at this session spearheaded the attack, acting as solicitor for various Olympia & York. Through its long-standing connection with the Bank of Montreal (the builder and owner of First Canadian Place, the bank's Ontario headquarters) and Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce (CIBC), O&Y was easily able to arrange loans of credit, without even having to disclose the widest interest. According to close sources, however, the bank offered up to \$180 million and CIBC a further \$500 million to finance the Albitz takeover (enough to enable O&Y to extend the bid to \$2 billion if forced by a higher competing bid).

The consequences for Albitz? Canada's second-largest forest products company (after MacMillan Bloedel Ltd. of Vancouver) and world's largest producer of newspaper news will likely soon disappear off the stock market and into the private hands of Olympia & York. For far reason, some analysts expect O&Y to shelve Albitz into the portfolio of Briscoe Ltd., the resources and mining company in which it bought a 50.1-per-cent interest last summer. Analyst William Frieser of Gordon's Watson Ltd. says O&Y's purchase shows it is betting on sustained high consumption of newspaper, sustained high inflation and

a depressed Canadian dollar to boost Albitz's earnings—all of which would vindicate Albitz in a shared investment for the Ros Laurents.

As for the Richemonts themselves, owning Albitz isn't going to make them any less elusive ("I have to fly to New York to have supper with them," laments one Toronto banker). And in Albitz isn't likely to be a public con-

pany much longer, owning it won't place the family more in public view either. "We have always preferred to remain private in our affairs," explains Paul Richemont, second of the three brothers controlling the affairs of O&Y. "That's always been our way, long before our company became big or we became rich. Surely no one can begrudge us that." ☐

## House built on a strong foundation



O&Y project in Montreal (above): First Canadian Place, Toronto, helps shop

It doesn't go much better the downtown sky as thrust a plug into it—a big 75 stories clad in miles of white marble, its stamp crowned with blue corporate logos, and serviced from within by high-speed double-decker elevators. It will never win an architectural award for grace or beauty—but for sheer size (world's largest building outside the U.S.) and expense (marble in the washrooms, too), Toronto's First Canadian Place has a lot to say about the history, and future, of Olympia & York Developments (O&Y), the company that built it, and about the Richemont family, which owns them both. For O&Y, First Canadian Place, completed in the late 1970s, was a watershed—a crossover point between the unenviable, if modest and barely, building projects upon which the company built its reputation as a developer during the 1960s and early 1970s, and the new era of the 1980s. Today O&Y executives respect not only for its good judgment in prime downtown office lo-

cations and increased attention to architectural quality, but is now moving even further into large-scale mixed-use urban redevelopment projects in cities across North America. This leap, which many analysts feel makes Olympia the "cream" of Canadian developers, has been made possible by the politicians' addition of expert staff (now numbering about 600 in O&Y's Toronto, New York, Miami and Los Angeles offices). Yet the Richemonts themselves, brothers Albert, G.I., Paul, 50, and Ralph, 46, remain uniquely in charge, quiet and strangely complementary in their skills. "They still are the business," says Ron Seckel, a key O&Y employee negotiating with city officials in the U.S. "They're the grocery shoppers out at the market every morning at 6 a.m. in squeaking and choosing the fruit and vegetables themselves personally."

The Albitz take-over is the latest de-



velopment in the new and even more mind-boggling, though inevitable, aspect of Olympia's growth, initiated last year with the purchase of 80.1 per cent of Briscoe Ltd., and later just under 10 per cent of Royal Trustee Ltd. These three outside investments alone total almost \$700 million—leaving aside real estate worth at least \$3 billion in cities across North America, including Calgary, Ottawa, Portland, Boston, Dallas and Seattle. Fruit and vegetables included. —A.W.

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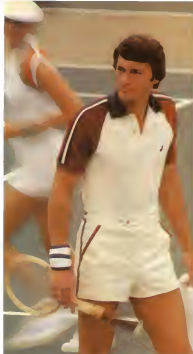
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## MUSIC

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Costello: the modern soul in crisis

ger in the House and *Musty Matches*, *Diff'rent Finger* is another post-modern country classic. Since 1976, *His Own Gun*, with its flourishing piano, sounds like post-modern classical. Once again, the album is unified by his concern with matters of the spirit. Because of the vulnerability of his wit and the intensity of his images ("white knuckles as black and blue sky"), one is apt to forget that Costello deals with nothing less than the modern soul in crisis.

MOVING PICTURES  
Flash  
(Anthem/Capitol)

If Rialto's head-banging range of furious musical effects, made with guitars, drums and who knows what wonders of production, seem overdone, try listening to the words. How again are more big ideas about reality and morality coming and being? Previously divided into parts I and II, *The Camera Eye* offers 11 minutes on how people in big cities have grown callous. Flash has worked hard and their sound is sweeter than polished, if not to everybody's taste. However, there lives rarely enough to move them, to borrow a phrase from the album's final cut, "an ounce of perception, a pound of obscure."  
—DAVID LIVINGSTON

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### BEHAVIOR

## The profits of doom at the edge of cataclysm

*Survivalism becomes a multimillion-dollar business*



Susan (left), Clark, survivalism has gone far beyond standard fringe groups



By Michael Posner

If, as is sometimes claimed, the index of best-selling books can be regarded as a barometer of the public mood, the current list is at once instructive and disconcerting. On the hardcover best-seller list in *The New York Times* are *The Coming Currency Collapse* by Jerome Scott, billed as an "investment survival manual," and *Crisis Investing* by Douglas Casey, which offers "opportunities for investing in the coming Great Depression." Among the trade paperbacks is *The New Whole Earth Catalog* edited by Stewart Brand, appropriately subtitled "Ways to survive in the '80s." Every week, it seems, brings new variations on this theme, all underwritten by the same premise: that because the system as we know it cannot long endure, one must act now to avoid being victimized when Armageddon comes.

Across the continent, as major capitals and rural backwaters, a new survivalist ethic seems to be taking hold. The trend is reflected not only in the best-seller charts but in the dramatic growth of industries catering to practitioners: dehydrated foods, hermetic kettles, survival newsletters, guns and knives, and a panoply of survivalist encyclopedias. Various self-styled prophets have been predicting doomday for centuries, but the army of current believers

includes far more than the standard fringe elements of society. Whether it is selling worry a few grains of gold or building fallout shelters on some remote parcel of country property, no single group has been wholly immune to the spreading survivalist virus. While adherents wait for the big crash, survivalism is thriving.

Hard figures are elusive—most firms are privately owned—but by any reckoning survival is a multimillion-dollar business. The continent's leading distributor of specialized food and equipment, California-based S.I. Equipment Limited, formerly Survival Inc., recorded sales last year of more than \$7 million. "And it's growing every year," says Vice-President Dennis Clark, "doubling, in fact." The S.I. catalogs, published three times annually and mailed to 200,000 regular readers, offers everything from waterproof matches to dried penne better powder to plastic cylindrical storage units designed to evade bullies, food or even a small handgun. One of its big sellers, at \$19.95, is *Life After Doomsday*, which purports to explain how to survive a nuclear holocaust. If the book is insufficient, S.I. also mails a complete fallout ventilation system (worth up to \$365) and a radiation emergency anti-contamination kit (\$89.95).

Traditionally, survivalism has been practiced by Mormons, who are required to be self-sufficient by storing at least one year's food for their families. But suppliers of these reserves have found their market has expanded far beyond their original customers. "A year or so ago, 90 per cent of my clientele were Mormons," says Milton Scott, owner of Scott's Perma Storage Foods Ltd. in Aylmer, Ont. "Now 90 per cent of my customers are non-Mormons, frightened by fuel or food shortages, economic recession or inflation of food prices." Scott offers a year's supply of food for one person for \$750. The profits of doom are growing to the extent that Scott's business has increased twelvefold in the past three years.

Business observers may overweigh fear of the apocalypse as the reason for the upsurge in Scott's fortunes. When Marvonn Cary and Gloria Liewaldyn of Scarborough, Ont., were out of work for six months in 1972, they lived completely off their food storages. Their other savings were diverted toward making the mortgage and tax payments on a new home. Now, with three children, the Liewaldyns have stored away about two years' supply of food, as well as stashes of toiletries and wood. "We don't do it because of any sense of doom," explains Gloria Liewaldyn. "We do it to save money and provide ourselves with a sense of security that we could survive a snowstorm, blackout,



Best-selling survivalism booklets and must act to avoid being victimized

economic breakdown or whatever."

In the past year, observes Fraser McDonald, vice-president of Deloitte Prentice Book Associates, the value of food has proved more reliable than gold or diamonds or real estate. Although the initial outlay for a dehydrated diet is high, the investment may look pretty absurd as prices for meat, poultry and fresh produce continue to soar. "I'm just a normal mother of four who worries what I'm going to do when they get out of the oil," says McDonald. "The whole food industry depends on oil—harvesting, packaging, transporting. From most excluders." In short, food may turn out to be the preserver of the '80s.

Not once the basement food locker is filled, the true survivalist is launched on a long, perhaps endless, journey. "It's a black hole," admits Paul Uppshart, a medical social worker in Asheville, N.C. "You can never be over-pre-

pared." More than 25 million copies in paperback, has spawned a tidal wave of best-sellers, newsletters and survivalist study groups. Dozens of such groups have sprung up in Canada, but in the U.S. the topic has become an obsession. In Maryland's Montgomery County alone, seven self-inspired publishers meet regularly. "I used to be a wide-eyed liberal," says Milton Popescu, an accountant who attends one such group. "But I really have turned conservative. I wouldn't build a bomb shelter, but I would buy diamonds and rental property in the country." Ruff's newsletter—at \$142 per annum—boasts 100,000 subscribers.

Apocalypse around the corner is the driving force of several lesser-known newsletters, including one published in Reno, Nev. (see population, L200), by Nancy Tappan. Her late husband, Mel Tappan, authored a guide to survival

ess. will. Hardcore practitioners say any city larger than 5,000 people is probably unsafe, and so much called the Center for Survival Research in Mount Vernon, N.Y., will propose the 10 safest areas in the U.S.—for \$99.95. "No matter how severe the attack,

how dirty the weapons—some versions of the country will remain the devastation-free," the promotional literature reads.

The possibility of urban chaos prompted Massachusetts's Plover Correy and her family to buy a wilderness retreat 160 km north of Toronto. "It's a place we could live," says Correy. "We have a supply of food, ample wood, arable land," and plans to solarize, in order to become totally self-sufficient. The Correys were among a quarter of a million Massachusetts suburbanites forced to flee the November, 1979, derailment of a train, carrying chlorine gas. That experience "gave us a taste of what



McDonald (above) the *Lawless Family Prepper's* dehydrated food. Food for investment as well as security.



gurus in 1977, it still sells 5,000 copies a year. In Harrison, Ark., self-styled historian Kurt Saxon earned \$100,000 last year from sales of his monthly newspapers, *The Survivor* and *Victims*, the latter aimed exclusively at women. Most articles are reprinted from 90-year-old *Scientific American Monthly*. "It's an encyclopedia of 19th- and early 20th-century technology," Saxon explains, so that "when civilization collapses people will know how to adjust to the other forms of technology."

Like Saxon and Tappan, many survivalists distrust large cities, believing that what Soviet missiles do not destroy, roaming mobs of urban neand-

erthals could be like."

Although most survivalists are investing against economic cataclysm, the numbers of the nuclear warfare element too are growing. In La Verkin, Utah, 490 km south of Salt Lake City, a company called *Thyssen Tomesco Inc.* is selling \$30,000 condominiums. The sales feature all 200 units are underground and come furnished with a four-year supply of food. Calls are coming in by the hundreds. One Florida community has built an elaborate island refuge, complete with underground telephone and power supply, in the event of an emergency, they plan to blow up bridges to the mainland. Another clan is studying Nazi Indian farming methods on a 200-acre-ranch tract in Colorado. And a Dallas-based firm, *Stonemaster Farms*, claims it sold 70 full-time units last year alone.

"I like survivalists in a form of insurance," says Paul Uppshart. "I carry life and fire insurance and I don't feel frumpy about that. If you read the newspaper, it's difficult not to become concerned. At least I feel I'm doing something—not ignoring the problem."

With file from Diane Frances

## RELIGION

# Bearing witness to a mass exodus

By Bart Testa

As a fourth-generation Jehovah's Witness, former elder of the church and author of the scholarly *Jehovah's Witnesses in Canada*, 48-year-old James Penton seemed assured of a place among the 144,000 faithful destined for heaven—according to Witness doctrine—when the spotlight comes. But Penton's secure position was lost last month when the Lethbridge, Alta., congregation elders voted to excommunicate him in an episode that moved from covert solemnity to public brawling. Not only were three of his defense witnesses ordered to leave the hearing trial, but his son, David, was drawn into a melee with prosecution witness Clifford Black outside the Jehovah's Witness Kingdom Hall. Says Penton: "It was a kangaroo court with the trappings of the Inquisition."

A recent spate of excommunications, or "disfellowshippings," is rocking the foundation of the Jehovah's Witnesses leaving few untouched, including the church hierarchy. Witness President Frederick



David Penton (left) and Clifford Black in scuffle, wrappings of the Inquisition

Penton's nephew was caught along with several leading theologians last May. Penton says the leadership is mistaken to shock the members of disillusioned as well. "They have no idea of the depth and extent of the bitterness they are creating among the members." But the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society, as the 2.1 million member organization is formally known, refuses to comment on Penton's case. Says Toronto spokesman Eugene Rossen: "It would be undignified to drag a strictly internal matter into the public."

But the excommunications are only one aspect of the over-all problems now

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facing the Jehovah's Witnesses. The post-war growth of the church, which in Canada swelled from about 36,000 in 1946 to its present membership of 175,000, is also seriously threatened: close to 100,000 members defect each year. The exodus, whether voluntary or not, seems due to dissimulations with the elders, forced proselytizing and what Penton terms "the failure of the Witnesses' date-setting eschatology [the theology of the end of the world]."

Almost since their beginnings in Pennsylvania during the 1870s, the Jehovah's Witnesses have been setting a

schedule for Armageddon, the "final days of tribulation" as prophesied in the Bible. According to Watch Tower doctrine, the apocalyptic will annihilate all humans except the Witnesses. While only 144,000 of their ranks will be heaven-bound, the others will remain on earth to enjoy the millennium, 1,000 years of divine happiness.

The first date for Armageddon was 1914. Later predictions included 1918, 1941 and, most recently, 1975. The new date spurred fervent proselytizing by the Witnesses faithful. Penton also recalls many people sold their



Penton's excommunication, defections

property and neglected medical attention because the date was approaching. When the year passed without cosmic catastrophe, even the most stalwart believers grew critical, particularly after the church leadership denied having broadcast a date at all. "The questioning began very gently," explains Penton, "but the retaliation was harsh in the extreme."

Penton's problems with the Watch Tower began two years ago after he sent a letter to the church's world headquarters in Brooklyn, N.Y. He criticized "the unbridled unsyncretical overemphasis" on the door-to-door preaching the organization demands of members after his son, David, was chastised by an overseer for neglecting public "proselyting." Four months later, Penton resigned as a church elder. But his troubles escalated: he then discovered that four of his fellow elders were conducting a smear campaign in the form of secretly solicited letters condemning him for causing divisions in the community. He responded with a \$125,000 slander suit.

All supporters within the community experienced similar treatment. Says Rita Anderson: "I was disassociated because I stood up for Am Penton." John Poole, a Witness for most of his 50 years and an elder of the Leithbridge congregation for many years, also felt the repercussions. "I knew they were acting ungraciously in Penton's case. I was asked whether I would lose the party line or leave. I left."

Poole, Anderson and Penton believe they have left behind a rapid, out-of-date and self-destructive organization. "The problem is that they won't enter into dialogue over issues for the date-setting, or the chosen 144,000," Poole charges. "All they do is indoctrinate. They won't discuss new theological work, even if it is done by loyal members." Penton's explanation is that the Watch Tower has become "a persecu-

tion of old men in their 80s who are living in some Victorian twilight."

Still, the unbendingly declared excommunications seem the most serious threat to the Witness religion. Helen Zaboruk, a 56-year-old Calgary Witness, was stunned to find herself and her husband suddenly disfellowshipped a few years ago without explanation. Usually active members, they had served two years proselytizing full-time, and remained childless, as Witnesses are often urged to do. Although they remain staunch believers, they are ostracized in the community. "Older members are told to shun you, you are isolated, maligned and absolutely cut off," says Zaboruk. Many other disfellowshipped members feel equally betrayed.



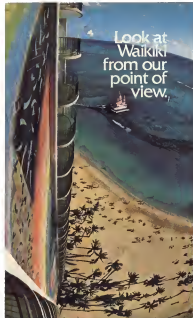
Watchtower pamphlets, the Zaboruks: "You are isolated, maligned and cut off"



"I have gotten calls and letters from all over North America and the stories are shocking," Penton says. "Violence and severity have apparently become commonplace in the Watch Tower Society."

To create a haven, the disillusioned in Leithbridge have formed a Christian Fellowship, numbering about 30 Witnesses including Penton, Poole and two other ex-elders. But the fringe group offers little comfort to Penton, who is still reeling from the shock of his excommunication. Says he: "When you shoot someone, apostate or people enough times, they reply, 'Damn right, I'm an apostate. I want to stand apart from you. I want to stand with Christianity.'"

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# Research cleans up sulphur's image

*Alberta's sulphur reserves promise myriad uses but moving the mountains is a challenge*

By Pat O'Brien

Across Alberta, yellow-gold mountains rise against the sky—20 million tons of sulphur extracted from natural gas and petroleum. That's far too much sulphur to sell for such conventional uses as fertilizer, pulp and paper, steel and plastics. At the going rate of \$80 a ton, it's also money in the bank that's not gathering interest. Now two products of nearly a decade of research and development—sulphur asphalt and sulphur concrete—may ridges those mountains and help clean up the messes of an element known for the pollution it forms with hydrogen and oxygen. For example, 30 million metric tons of sulphur dioxide, a component of acid rain, are released each year into North America's atmosphere. By contrast, pure elemental sulphur is tasteless, odourless and, above all, useful.

Because sulphur is also brittle, research has focused on making it pliable and durable. Much of that impetus has come from the Sulphur Development Institute of Canada (SDIC), a Calgary-based nonprofit organization created in 1972 by the federal and provincial governments and private industry. It frequently funds \$500,000 projects. "Perhaps because we have the resource and the money to look large new markets for sulphur," says Michael Raymond, director of research and development at SDIC, "Canada has become the world leader in sulphur technology."

Since 1972, 555,000 tons of sulphur asphalt have been laid down on North American highways—50 per cent of them by SDIC. Since asphalt is petroleum derived from the bottom of the barrel, substituting it with sulphur, which replaces up to 50 per cent of the asphalt, makes for a potentially cheaper product and conserves the asphalt which is an energy crunch, refineries could convert to oil. It also makes for better road surfaces less likely to soften in summer and crack in winter. Says Harold Freeman of the Ontario Ministry of Transportation and Communications, which is helping to tender bids for a large sulphur asphalt project in Northern Ontario, "Sulphur asphalt generally means a longer-lasting road."

Another promising discovery, now on the verge of commercialization, is sulphur concrete, less a substitute for an existing material than a unique product



Stackpile near Whitecourt, Alta.: unlocked sulphur under distribution



Kozlowski with sulphur asphalt (left), Raymond at work (middle), Rybczynski

in its own right. "In conditions where the best Portland cement concrete will not stay in weeks, sulphur concrete looks new after five years," says SDIC's Raymond. "Its and ash resistance is staggering." Waterproof and recyclable, it requires no water for mixing and is ready to use hours after pouring.

But sulphur concrete has one drawback, it's flammable. "In the presence of a wood fire, for example, sulphur concrete will burn," explains Raymond, "but only as long as the wood is on fire. The perfect term is 'self-extinguishing.'" This is why SDIC recommends sulphur concrete for such uses as industrial floors, curbs and gutters, foundations and sewer pipes, but not for residential or commercial buildings.

"I think that's shortsighted," says ar-

chitect Witold Rybczynski, head of McGill University's Montreal, Que. Housing Group (MCHG), which has fireproofed sulphur concrete by applying a thin coat of plaster or cement. The aim of MCHG, established in 1975, is to find not large markets for sulphur, but cheap, readily available building materials for developing countries. Rybczynski contends that sulphur concrete probably won't do for high-rises or bridges, but in small-scale do-it-yourself projects he has found it easy to work with, versatile and attractive. "It can be made to look like marble," he adds.

MCHG workers have used sulphur concrete to build houses and make floor and roofing tiles, hangers and tiles (not as good as porcelain, but a lot better than

concrete). They are currently experimenting with sulphur impregnations, which strengthens and waterproofs materials such as corrugated cardboard.

Two closely linked obstacles face the new technologies: distribution and price. "Even domestically, in the best of times, there's a bottleneck in shipment," says Gerhard Kemmrich, director of asphalt research at Gulf Canada, which has developed a slightly different asphalt technology from SDIC's. "By the time we get the sulphur to a job site, it's as expensive as asphalt." Raymond expects sulphur concrete to cost up to twice as much as Portland cement concrete in most of North America. "Though we think people will pay for its unique qualities." The trouble is that Alberta's stockpiles are landlocked. Last year the province shipped into those golden mountains, exporting for the first time more sulphur than it produced, because sulphur producers in Poland, Iran and Iran (all major exporters) has been virtually shut down. But it was difficult enough to master the transportation to meet increased conventional demands, let alone supply extra sulphur for the new products.

Sulphur research took off in the early

Sulphur asphalt makes better roads



'80s when, and because, sulphur was abundant and cheap. Now that the technology is poised to commercialize the new asphalt and concrete, sulphur is scarce and dear. But experts say that the current sulphur shortage is temporary. Already Balfour, a transportation co-operative owned by the sulphur-producing industries, has improved distribution to the West Coast by 25 per cent since its inception in 1976.

In the long run, if coal-burning plants are forced to clean up acid rain (which is less likely with Reagan in the White House) and if the U.S. begins converting coal to gas and oil (which is only a matter of time), one result will be cheap plentiful sulphur and the incentive to use it in new ways. Moreover, predicts Raymond, "If the Canadian government ever exploits the tar sands, we can bathe in oil—and sulphur, too." ♦



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# Struggling free of an old yoke



Charles Gagnier's illustrations for Maria Chapdelaine's 'a disturbed myth'

Language is the touchstone of the Québécois identity. Just as the province's economy has traditionally been oppressed by English Canada, many speakers of Québécois French have chafed under the yoke of their Patrimoine mother tongue. Until the Quiet Revolution of the '60s (and even today), "patois" and other variations on classical French in common usage have been condemned as unfit for human articulation by the very people who speak them. Two recently published books—*Le mythe de Maria Chapdelaine* by Nicole Deschamps, Raymond Hébert and Normand Villeneuve, and *Dictionnaire de la langue québécoise* by Léaude Bergeron—have revived old animosities by dealing with this "colonization" of Québécois French in very different ways.

Published in 1984 by Louis Hémon, Maria Chapdelaine is Quebec's most famous novel, translated into countless languages and an all-time best seller. According to the traditional interpretation, Maria, guided by "the voice of Quebec," a mystical singing, a priest preaching "in the epilogue of the courageous pioneer leaving oval handprints to serve God and the colonial ideals of the old colony. In fact, chère Nicole Deschamps, professor of French studies at the University of Montreal. "This myth as cult of Maria Chapdelaine prevented a true reading of the text. I can't imagine a more powerful image of a colonized person." Recent interpreta-

tions have been more aware that Hémon's purpose was not to portray life in northern Quebec as an inspiring model of Christian devotion. The author was actually a realist, an exile from France who attempted to show how unconscious his characters were of their roles in the colonizing process.

Any possibility that Hémon's vision

Bergeron, accused of being unsentimental



could have been simply totally contrived to a reading audience was denied by his editors. By comparing the first edition with the original manuscript, now available in book form for the first time, Deschamps shows how relatively minor editorial changes in the first edition revealed an implicit yet far-ranging sociopolitical bias perfectly in tune with the distortions of the "myth" that quickly surrounded the novel. Hémon and his characters occasionally speak Québécois French, but many of their words were placed in quotation marks and offensive archaisms or Anglicisms were simply cut out or replaced by their "proper" French equivalents. The effect of such bowdlerization was twofold: it denied the legitimacy of Québécois French and distanced both the language and its speakers, treating them like quaint objects from folklore. The final result suggested a romantic as opposed to a realist's vision of the province. Bergeron's popular efforts (his first book, the Marxist-oriented *Paul Maréchal d'histoire du Québec*, was a Canadian best seller in both French and English) have led him to abolish all distinctions between the spoken and

written word, slang and sophisticated speech, archaisms and current usage, anglicisms and "pure" French formulations. "We have abandoned the old colonial mentality found in all Québécois dictionaries which leads authors to define Québécois words as if they were explaining our 'speech patterns' to French readers," writes Bergeron.

His precision and methodology have triggered the most scathing polemic to hit *Le Devoir's* letters page in years. Although Bergeron claims his dictionary will be accessible to all Québécois because it is preoccupied with irrelevant information such as origins and etymological references, critics accuse him of making excuses for his unsentimental approach. Academics are particularly upset since the flamboyant author has disparaged major ongoing linguistic projects funded by Quebec universities which are documenting the French language in Quebec using accepted lexicographical standards. Says Normand Rousseau, professor of linguistics at the University of Sherbrooke, "Instead of doing proper research, he just sat down and wrote whatever came into his head." But as far as the final word belongs to Bergeron in three months the *Dictionnaire* has sold more than 10,000 copies at \$28.95 and shows no signs of letting up.

However *Le mythe* and the *Dictionnaire* may differ with respect to scholarship, both remain significant politically. One has applied a rigorous scientific methodology to Hémon's classic and restored its rightful meaning; the other has attempted, awkwardly perhaps, to paralyze the entire language of a people. Evidently, last August's "non-vote" has not negated entirely the slow process of decolonization that has at the heart of Quebec's quest for liberation.

—SARA CLARKE

## Hammering a polemical peg

THE TEST PEG by Aritha van der Merf (McClelland & Stewart, \$11.95)

When Aritha van der Merf won Seal Books' \$50,000 First Novel Award in 1978, readers generally agreed that her slight, but funny story, *Jadit*, showed some promise. But three years later *The Test Peg* raises serious questions about her ability to keep this promise at all. The problems are manifold. For style she imitates so to a few-market jumble of modalities (lyricism and flat-footed journalism, for content she stands over *The Test Peg*, hammering it again and again with one single idea: the natural superiority of

women. Polemics intrude upon her fiction, and the guest feminist idea soon devolves to a falshood.

Disoriented with a vague gallery of thoughtless behaviors, 34-year-old J.L. strikes out to find solitude and herself in the Yukon wilderness. She crops her hair, hangs baggy clothes on her haphazard figure and applies for a berth as cook on an all-male prospecting expedition. (What makes her think this will lead to solitude in a mystery.) Despite promises from his eighteen-year-old, Maclean, the camp boss, agrees to let J.L. try her hand at keeping the men well-

fed. Of course, being a woman, she can do this with ease. "Why does it seem that we're never taught how to do this, we simply know, we know the smoothest, most efficient way of making food and giving food..." The novel quickly breaks down into the tale we need and the one who needs it. J.L., who headed north on a voyage of self-discovery, launches into a journey of double-edged action, insisting on the superiority of women but actually going through the age-old female routine of working male payrolls.

J.L.'s real name is Jo-El, after the Ke-

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Van Hark: double-edged axioms

side who touchingly drew a test pea through her guest Shena's head while he lay sleeping in her tent. The axioms J.L.'s "treachery" is to show the blinding eyes of male arrogance with a variety of strongly shaped peas, complete confessions, veiled shovers and at least one violent display with a rifle. After the tent-pig treatment, each man awakes apparently redeemed. "I'll never be able to forget either her or this summer."

Now, to accomplish all this requires not just female superiority but a virtu-

oso superwoman. And so, J.L. is strong, self-contained, confident and sure. The camp is slowly driven away by the come-lather of her "stay away." Alternately appearing as mother, witch, prophet and goddess, J.L. never does become anyone's lover. But then, why would anyone be attracted to this lifeless ruse? Van Hark's male characters are bound out by any true human potential but by their usefulness as types: father figure, embittered misogynist, bed-bouder, dreamer. They smack of Friday-night television characters, created to make an elaborate but ultimately unbearable point. "It seems so much simpler for them, everything is clearer, laid out from the moment they're born. They do not have the questions and doubts."

There's a sense of fair play arising from all this. Van Hark sets up her men and then takes them over the coals. In one of the novel's more symbolic scenes, all nine sleep innocently while J.L. awakes to watch in awe as half a mountain rips loose and crashes away within a hundred yards of the camp. So where does she leave us, but with a misguided attempt to make literature serve evangelism? Confused conversions do not a novel make, and judging from *The Tent Peg* it seems unlikely van Hark can get on track. The road she's on is a washout. —CHRISTEN HOBBS

## Star-struck with galactic machinery

THE SHEN EXPERIMENTS  
by Doris Lessing  
(Clarke, Irwin, \$11.95)

How Doris Lessing began to write herself into a corner? In the preface to *Shen*, the first novel of her visionary sequence in which *The Shen Experiments* comes third, she claimed to have found "a new world for myself, a realm where the petty laws of planets, let alone individuals, are only aspects of cosmic evolution expressed in the rhythms and interactions of great galactic empires." Erecting territory for a philosopher or a cartoonist, but dangerous for even the most accomplished novelist, Lessing descended to a passionate history of the earth, and the next book in the series, *The Morgraves Between Zeros Three Four and Five*, proved to be a mixture of love story and myth. But with *The Shen Experiments*, which deals directly with "science evolutions," the megalomaniac galactic machinery goes in the way of the tale. The entire sequence may be the most ambitious in English, but Lessing's axioms seem for the first time to have exceeded her sturdy grasp.



Lessing has reinvented her exterior

She was reaching for many different things: a detailed character study of the commander, a dry administrator who glimpses higher things, a bitter commentary on history, a sci-fi yarn, a parable about destiny, a complement to *Shen*, which tells much the same story from an alien point of view, and an exploration of social questions. These tangled ambitions get in each other's way, and the book is written patchily. As ever, there are passages that seem especially needful for our time. Lessing has enormous powers of consolation, and reading her best work is enough to bring us to our strongest selves. But there are also moments when the prose looks weary, as if the simple fate of individuals mattered less than the realizations of stately empires.

Moreover, anyone who hasn't read

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#### Fiction

- 1 *The Crooked Moon* (U)
- 2 *The Key to Eternity*, Faber (U)
- 3 *Shardana*, King (U)
- 4 *The Clouds of Africa*, Bantam (U)
- 5 *Age of Empires*, Scholastic (U)
- 6 *SPB*, Scribner (U)
- 7 *Come Pour the Wine*, Freeman (U)
- 8 *Alderson*, MacLean (U)
- 9 *Yield in Time*, MacLean (U)
- 10 *America as a Man*, Collier (U)

#### Nonfiction

- 1 *Crisis Invention*, Corgi (U)
- 2 *The New Canadian Tax and Investment Guide*, Bantam (U)
- 3 *The Northern Mags*, Corgi (U)
- 4 *The Chinese*, Frazee (U)
- 5 *Confessions*, Bantam (U)
- 6 *The Invasion of Canada*, 1982-1983, Bantam (U)
- 7 *The Coming Currency Collapse*, Bantam (U)
- 8 *The Little Man*, Bantam (U)
- 9 *The Montreal Canadian*, Bantam (U)
- 10 *Is There a Way*, Bantam (U)

(U) Fiction has cover

*Shen* will find *The Shen Experiments* very hard work. Unusually, the title refers to the genetic and psychological engineering carried out by the Shen empire in the southern hemisphere. A deeper concern, however, is the attempt by the blessed empire *Chen* to improve the imperfect nature of the Shens, who sit, without realizing it, the subject of a vast experiment themselves. Arctian II, the dutiful minister, is both a technician and a genius pig. In the midst of this complicated plot, *Shen* looks a transparent story. Arctian's discovery of truth.

In a curious way Lessing really belongs in the midst of tradition. Prejudiced of their age's trapping, her novels insist on moral choice, social care and spiritual understanding. They also form a powerful antidote to those who assume with sublime complacency that the progress of humanity leads smoothly from infancy up to us. But the danger is that she will succumb to the temptation to preach. Her be-do-always reminder of the writer's responsibility to be serious. Let's hope she doesn't forget the other duty, which is to entertain. —MARK JULY

## Portrait of a C.G.A.



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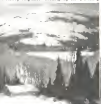


# Gleams from a light that failed



Beatty knowingly conveyed the sweeping structure of the land, leaving behind the musty pastoral subject matter he learned in Paris. The use of a Canadian subject was so important to Beatty that he issued an exhortation: the canvas with the National Gallery of Canada for a purchase they previously made of his *A Dutch Farmer* (1908).

Thomson's sketches in 1964 in Algoma Park suggest he looked at *The Evening Cloud of the Northland*. He met Beatty, but we don't know when. The exchange went both ways. Later works by Beatty, like *Sea View from the Woods* (1968) of brooks against the snowy hillside, recall Thomson's work in their composition, brilliant color and heavy impasto. Clearly by now, Beatty



Beatty and his "vision," *Evening Cloud of the Northland* (1929). From *Invention to Transcendence*.

He was a wild, tough Irishman who fought in the Red Guard, served in the Toronto fire department and eventually became an important Canadian artist and teacher. Coarse and often rude, J. W. Beatty was known to ask those who disagreed with his presidency at 1812 of Toronto's Arts and Letters Club to "step outside." Truculent, abrupt, bigoted and dogmatic, he wanted all his students at the Ontario College of Art, where he taught from 1913 until his death in 1941, to be little J.W. Beatty. But the tragicomic, lyric mannerism that Jocky-and-Rhyle character produced show his gentler side, and his delight in the beauty of the Canadian landscape.

Today, as Group of Seven auction prices soar, interest is rising in the group's forerunners. Beatty, C.W. Jefferys and F.B. Chalmers are the ones the group recognized themselves. Beatty was the bright light. A retrospective view of Beatty's work that opened at the Agnes Etherington Art Centre in Kingston last month will travel to Windsor, Toronto, Halifax, Hamilton, Calgary, London and Kitchener-Waterloo. The show documents Beatty's career beginning with his early

travels in Europe at the turn of the century, after he completed study in Paris. When he returned to Toronto, he came in contact with Jefferys and Lawson Hanna. His love of the North made him both proselytizer for the cause and a capitalist. By 1910, he was painting Northern Ontario subjects such as *The Evening Cloud of the Northland*, in the National Gallery of Canada collection. Along with *The Prospectors* (also 1910), it revealed to his peers the stark dramatic hills of Algoma Park, then comparatively unknown. A.Y. Jackson and Frank Johnston were the first to follow him "up north." Oshorn followed. From the Algoma Park School, as it was called, more several artists who formed the Group of Seven in 1920.

*The Evening Cloud of the Northland*, though essentially a brown monochrome, is a magnificent reproduction of a sunset over the park, only a narrow piece of land appears below a huge swirling cloud breathtakingly outlined in gold. Like Tom Thomson,

had lost the lead he had from studying in Europe. Even his work with several Group of Seven members in the Canadian War Records Office in the First World War did not inspire him.

After the war, his work shows a fullness of nerve. His friends, the J.E.H. MacDonald, noticed he signed more, "like a lioness." In the following decade, he still painted handsome scenes of landscape, especially of beach towns, which in their delicate shapes, silhouettes outline and decorative quality recall period illustrations. The N.C. Wyeth and Madeline Barnack. Unable to retire because he needed the money, Beatty dedicated himself to teaching at the Ontario College of Art. Lawson supplanted his strength, ate into his painting time and contributed to his failing health. Critics wondered if he would ever be remembered as a painter, though all agreed his later work had "justice." The show mounted in Kingston is a modest tribute to a pioneer.

—JOAN MURRAY



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## THEATRE

### More than lonely at the top



REXY!  
by Allan Straton  
Directed by Anne Straton

A spring playwrights contest doesn't seem lucky to have a new work produced professionally, but two well-informed premises in one season at the same theatre in the result of more than mere good fortune. The winner is Straton's *Phoenix* Theatre, where last fall Allan Straton's farce *Nurse Jane Goes to Reno* delighted audiences with its leery characters and sappy sentiments. His latest offering is an historical comedy about former prime minister Mackenzie King's struggles during the Second World War to keep Quebec in Confederation by avoiding conscription and still give Canada a starring role in the conflict. King's extends Straton's heroism, not always successfully but with enough humor, insight and gonzo to justify greater expectations in the future.

The farner prime minister's diaries have provided copious material for Straton's portrait of this man, repressed, lonely politician and Larry Brown's money. These qualities perfectly, honesty and despair alternately stroking across his dry, snappy features. King's soul-searching over conscription reflects a central truth about Canadian politics because Quebec votes Liberal in mass, first prime ministers in our past the common good to the ideological core of national unity. Since Romy's focus on this (historical) paradigm of the national condition, it

Repeats. Frequent scenes and ghosts

doesn't seem to matter that the play lacks the scope one might seriously expect from an historical drama. The cast is excellent and director Brian Skelton captures out of thin air a sense of momentous events. However, the play is stuffed with unfilled dramatic promise. In King's scenes with his secret and main love Partisan (Jill Fongson), the voice of his dead mother and grandfather, the rebel William Lyon Mackenzie, none King is emphatic force. However, this movie briefly only serves as a documentary on King's importance at all ends more except cockfighting in the political arena.

Ratons presents an effective portrait of directing style. Back absurdity has its moment with Anne Straton's perky yet menacing caricature of Roosevelt ("What's history between friends?" he asks King), and the surreal is well-represented by King's ancestral ghosts. For the most part though, it's the straight dramatic goods as King and his pro-conscription Defense Minister Balaban, (nicely played by Allan Downman, face off over dead bodies overtones in passages that simply display Straton's some-budding skills and vibrant dialogue. Some tedious expository speeches early on suggest that perhaps the playwright was right not to attempt a sweeping historical panorama at this time, but these do not dim the highlights of an evocative and surprisingly relevant comedy. —MARK KENNEDY

## FILMS

### The long, winding and dippy road

BACK ROAD  
Directed by Martin Ritt

T started up, Sally Field looks like a little girl who got lost for a couple of hours in her mother's makeup kit. As Amy Post, a 20-back hooker working out of Miami, Ala., she seems slightly absurd under all that paint, until she flashes a leg through a slit skirt that's curved like mortal sin. Amy, in many ways, is a little girl trapped inside a woman's body, she has walked the streets often enough in her attention to know the terrain well, but her heart is somewhere else. Some time ago, she had a child when she gave up for adoption, and now she watches him surrepti-

ously manage to get himself out of the rut she's in. Luckily, who Amy wants to be and where she has come from is barely hinted at in Gary DeVore's script for *Back Roads*, which stays all too easily within the confines of light romantic comedy. When Amy spins town with Elmer (Tommy Lee Jones), a drifter who has stuffed her on a truck and assaulted a plantation office, *Back Roads* is keen to fit *Happened One Night*. Hitch-hiking their way to California, they engage upon an uneasy alliance, they wear at each other's nerves, but they feed it in your hopes that they're meant for each other.

Martin Ritt, who directed Field in *Norma Rae*, is a good, servicable and

on the road in that these characters are a little too nice for their hard-boiled selves. And it's hard to believe some of the scenes they get themselves into.

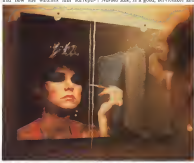
Still, *Back Roads* is an agreeable series of clichés, occasionally lifted out of the commonplace by Sally Field's performance. It asks little from you and gives back as much. The theme, in these times, is an commercially reassuring as it is emotionally comforting: misery loves company and there's hope for us all. If the movie wasn't in color, you would almost think it was made during the Depression. —LAURENCE FROST

### Loony tunes and stony faces

AMERICAN POP  
Directed by Ralph Bakshi

The animated faces in *American Pop* are capable of only the most primitive expressive qualities. That, in a multi-generational saga, is something of a liability. Ralph Bakshi (*From the Hip*, *The Lord of the Rings*) uses an odd technique called rotoscoping: he takes live action and then paints over it, which results in a reduction of expressive possibilities rather than a heightening of them. (He also uses old photos and film clips as historical reference points.) Animation, but not this kind, does not conform to the gravity of nature.

Bakshi the musician-music people that support a hopelessly prosaic universe



Field's closing no doors as she takes you into the character of a sexy hooker

travels through the wires of a playground fence. In *Back Roads* there's genuine emotion in Field's performance, a knowledge about who Amy is, and she does no doors as she takes you into the character. These downbeat corners of her mouth, always in drool repose, seem made-to-measure for Amy's back talk and self-defense. When a snail calls Amy a whore, she turns on him in fury and says "I am a 20-year-old with a bad reputation. I am a hooker!"

Amy doesn't enjoy being a hooker, but it's what she does best and well. She would like to be a waitress, but can

somewhat unimaginative director. He keeps *Back Roads* tooling along aimably. Tommy Lee Jones has the right slick-cut mobility as Elmer but is taken a backseat to Field's front-row-center character. It's an unbalanced romance. The vignettes of life on the road, though done to death, are enjoyable as they are. Any trying to keep her balance in the backseat of a vegetable truck, thumbing in the pouring rain, attempting to jump a freight train, the two of them working in a little flyaway theatre in a restaurant to shop a bill. However, there's something slightly sinister in Amy and Elmer's dippy diet.



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ration or reason—it usually takes off into another imaginative world and leaves the ordinary one behind. Whether from the sacred, vegetable or mineral world, animated characters aren't affected by the mundane wisdom of mortality; they can stretch like taffy or shivel like boiled peas. But in a automobile setting such as *Backdraft*, they're merely props supporting a wisdom that is hopelessly, humorously prosaic.

Actually, animation isn't American. It's only pretense. An even greater case is *Barra Kira's* badge-pose of a script: a cliché remains a cliché, even when situated beginning with a segment in *Kan* as around the turn of the century and tracing the growth of American popular music as passed on from father to son up until the present day, the screenplay borrows from every source imaginable. The *Godfather* (both parts), *The Jazz Singer* (all three versions), *Second World War* songs, Warner Brothers biopics and basically anything you have seen or the late show lately. Along the way we get a sweating fire, purgatorial murders, violence, speakers, beatniks, jukes, '50s freckle-faces and present-day punk. Commingled with all this are the voices of American pop music from Helen Merigan through Frank Sinatra up to Lee Reed. Those voices and the old film clips of swizzling fires and melting-pot activity are much more evocative than anything this visual song catalogue can offer.

—L.O.T.

## Love among the clutter

REVIEWER'S

Directed by Peter Yates

A janitor working in an office building (*Witness* Hart) stumbles upon a murdered tenant. Hoping to save the affections of a TV newswoman (*Shogun* Weaver) whom he has shared lives after, he tells her he knows something about the crime she, writing a soap, goes along with the game, responding to his early scene-on with just the right mix of interest and disinterest. Soon both are in love and trouble, doling a school of red herrings involving the janitor's cousin, Vietnam body (*Glenn* Woods), her fiancé (*Chapman* Platter) who smokes Jews from behind the Iron Curtain, a pair of *Synopsis* detectives and some shady Oriental. *Aping* *Chapman*, *Eyewitness* attempts to be a subtle and sophisticated thriller about two ways of life of washed-out motivation and related concepts. It almost works.

The movie brings together again the director-observer's team of *Witness* and *Alvin*, except this time they have opted



Weaver and Hart: a school of red herrings in a paper-thin chase

for urban slick rather than pastoral Americans. Steve Tash's screenplay tries to make too much into the thriller mechanism. America, Vietnam, the rich and poor, the power and chaos of law, conspiratorial TV reporting, New York and the wide-ranging duplicity of its characters. Oddly, the director, Peter Yates (*Badlands*), works against the movie by generally pacing the film like a worried actor-gesturing walkway the floors. There's no *Witness* in *Eyewitness*; the charm (usually a Yates quality) and sudden attack don't work you over as you want these. The finale, in which a group of horses are let loose in a building while Hart fights his way through, is a great idea, but the virtuoso directing technique required to pull it off isn't there.

Audiences will have to settle for Hart (*Alvin Karpis*) and Weaver (*Shogun*), who are already being treated as the Tracy-Higham couple of the '80s. Speaking of cynicism, this is certainly a bummer. They do have one scene where he tells her, in a droll, almost style of double entendre, how well he would suit her floors if she would only let him, but what those two represent is the scene of the *WASP* making dance. They are party-anxious people whose first vocal and non-verbal burlesque tells a ho-humorous story, even more. *Eyewitness* is the *WASP*'s row '80 add the necessary dramatic tension, he's lower class and a bit of a snob while she's rich and Jewish princess chic. (It may well be that they could become the great '80s couple of the decade, even while playing show.) As it is, they're perfectly suited to the plastic sat-and-reuse contrivances of *Eyewitness* with its rubber-ducky romance.

—L.O.T.

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# The splendor that is Queen's

*Yesterday's fathers guided Ottawa, today's offspring quaff together*

By Allan Fotheringham

Lovably old Queen's University, situated nobly above Lake Ontario in isolated old Kingston, always functioned as an academic farm house for Ottawa. Deputies, the confederates, was forever traipsing off to Ottawa for another study or royal commission or assignment. Gerald Roney, the governor of the Bank of Canada who watches over our nervous interest rates, is a Queen's man. Ian Stewart, the current deputy finance minister, is a product of the university on the lake. When Prime Minister Joe Clark, in one of his few major appointments, wanted a new chairman of the Canadian Radio Television and Telecommunications Commission, he reached to Queen's to pluck the best-dressed political scientist John Meisel. Queen's respects to be considered an high mother of state. There is an air of the best, waiting to be called.

Today, what seems to be huffing the student body is juggling along the lake-side, indie poofs of eleven existing from small girls in sweaters and toques who trot purposefully along in the chill March sunbath. An outsider from another generation visiting a university campus these days is struck by the pulsing egalitarianism. It is not only sorority sisters in white hocks and immaculate cashmere sweaters, but a general sense of a common unisex wardrobe fit for survival courses. The raging rage is expressed in the same way as in the past: as much as women's "social responsibility" and whether prophylactic dispensers should be allowed in the washrooms. Ah, youth. Social responsibility is the new obsession of the campus movers and jagers, the belief that students must ensure that their university acts as a responsible citizen in society at large. No university endowment funds invested in firms that do track or trade with South Africa and other such states, no university involvement in questionable military research. It is a high standard the new class. Fotheringham is a columnist for *Southern Cross*.

non-burning, non-trunking alcoholists place an adopted mother. The talk is of "divesting"—forcing universities to ditch their connections with corporate heavies who are not 100% white in darker areas of the globe. A band of protesters on St. Salvador heads for Ottawa and a confrontation with Roney Reagan. In the John Deutsch University Centre—where former chancellor Harold Nicholson dedicated the third campus pub last week—there is now in the basement a dance called Allie's.



Queen's is the closest thing to a Canadian Ivy League college, the entire student body of 10,000 within walking distance of the compact campus of trees and stone. Fraternities have been banned since 1994. The pizza fringe that adorns all institutions of higher learning lurks as the perimeters of the student residences. There's a delightful sense of isolation from the world, the internal space that is a university enhanced by Kingston's schizophrenic location halfway between the two competing targets of Montreal and Toronto. There is a new student who came from Toronto, in bewilderment that he had to send to Toronto for drugs. As far as the prophylactic must, there is also a rape relief centre in town. No one takes sex more seriously than the generation that has been allowed it.

Adding to the calm, the lack of forensic debate, is the irregular effect of Kingston itself. The century-old hotel, the Prince George, was built as a private residence in 1889. That puts the

petty constitutional squabble in perspective. This may be the most institutionalized town in Canada. Along with Queen's, there is the Royal Military College—whose cadets are not regarded as major catches by the committed co-eds. There is the Queen's Foundation, the Canadian National Institute for the Blind. There are three prisons. It is a settled atmosphere. The surrounding territory of eastern Ontario is resolutely Tory. The upper-middle-class students, 80 per cent of them from elsewhere, come from a tradition that sends up to six generations of one family to graduate from the same university. To someone who blunders occasionally into the university crowd in Vancouver, Toronto, Montreal—even, unclear Ottawa—there is a warm milk-fed cast to these kids, with a minuscule sprinkling of blacks and Caribbeans and Southeast Asia imports and transfers who are a bonus in more urban universities. Ronald Watts, who would be called the president of a university anywhere else, is here still the principal.

Stoody Queen's may have a better idea. At the height of the Parti Québécois separatist phase, there was talk about arranged exchange programs, if only enough Québécois youth could be bedded in western universities, and vice versa, the notion would be sound. The Ivy League beckoning of Queen's has gone one better. A lucky, pleasant law student called Hugh Hickey is encountered. He is of course son of Saskatchewan Premier Allan Rockwell. There are Michael and Beth Cowan, offspring of the drill. Now it's Tory who doesn't speak either of Canada's official languages. There is Jim McMurtry, son of Ontario Attorney-General Roy McMurtry. There is the daughter of Alberta's Peter Lougheed.

Instead of a farm team for Ottawa insiders, Queen's now performs a new, and perhaps more valuable, role. The generation that couldn't come to an agreement between cousins is about to be rewarded by a generation that drank beer together in Allie's and learned there are no hegemonies.



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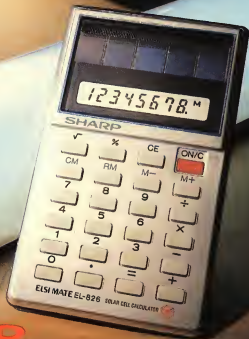
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